

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Congress and Labor

CONGRESS is beginning to move uneasily. Proposals which, a brief six weeks ago, would have been approved without debate, are now held up for searching examination. Just where is Mr. Roosevelt leading the country? Granting that the emergency is great, does it follow that any and every plan sealed and stamped at the White House by the President and his liberal advisers, will necessarily bring relief? Is Congress a mere tool to register the will of the executive, a machine gauged to grind out writs of power as fast as he can ask them? These and similar queries are rapidly forming a frank and well-organized opposition.

Some editorial defenders of the President are doing their chief a disservice that is also frank. The President is by no means a dictator, they reassure us, for he is merely exercising powers which he has asked and received from Congress. We have never thought the President a dictator, but the reason alleged by his defenders by no means proves that he is not. Logically, it might indicate, however, that in forming their plans to end the depression both Congress and the President are inclined to dispense with the Constitution.

Fundamental to this discussion are two simple facts. There is a limit on the powers which Congress possesses and may exercise, and there is a limit on the powers which Congress may delegate; and each limit was created by, and is expressed in, the Federal Constitution. A limit is similarly placed on the powers of the Executive. Since it was conceivable that at some future time a Congress might concede to the President powers which it did not have, and that the President might thereafter exercise powers which he had no right to receive, the Convention of 1787 made the Constitution a document of checks

and balances, to be applied and maintained by three independent, yet coordinated, branches of government. It is not necessary to labor the point that without restrictions upon government, as well as grants of power, a Constitution would be worse than a delusion. It would be a noisome compost of tyranny and hypocrisy. Restrictions are as essential as grants. In Jefferson's sane view, based upon the inveterate tendency of every Government to enlarge its rightful powers, they are more necessary.

Now we have had far too much talk of late about "emergency," and far too little about Constitutional forms of government. Within a few years, possibly, the social and economic state of the world, will have become so alarming, that all Governments, as we now know them, will fall, and with them their Constitutions. When that happens there will be neither room nor reason for argument. It may be that our own Constitution is not equal to the strains now placed upon it. But in that case, let us not apply the salve of constitutionality to our souls, after we have done a rankly unconstitutional thing.

The proposed labor program, with its thirty-hour week and a minimum wage imposed by Federal statute, is an instance in point. Even in the wildest deliriums of the Federal mania, which began approximately twenty years ago, no one was heard to assert that the commerce clause of the Constitution vested Congress with the right to prescribe the hours of labor in the States, and to regulate the pay which the worker must receive. Necessary as regulation was, the remedy, it was universally admitted, was to be sought exclusively in the States. But today the Secretary of Labor asserts that Congress possesses this power, and as her authority cites the "emergency." In her appearance before the House Labor Committee Miss Perkins went far beyond that position. She now argues

that Congress may properly decide how many hours per week a manufacturer may be permitted to run his factory, and asserts that this authority may be used to control output and maintain price and wage levels. This sweeping usurpation of the rights and duties of the States, Miss Perkins again justifies by the "emergency."

Put in plain language, this justification does not mean that at a time of stress the Constitution discloses new and previously unknown rights and powers pertaining to Congress. It means that in an emergency the Constitution is junked.

Are we ready to accept that theory of constitutional interpretation? It does not differ radically from the assumption that Congress, or Congress with the President, can decree an emergency, and, at the same time, decree the suspension of the Constitution.

The proposed labor bill is for a period of two years only. But Congress is nowhere authorized to suspend the restrictions of the Constitution for two days, or even for two hours. Are we prepared to recognize in Congress the right to fix hours of work, to control the wage scale, and to limit output? If so, do we vindicate that right on constitutional grounds? Or do we take our stand on that ground, wholly unknown to the Constitution, "economic emergency"?

Even to lighten the ship, beaten by the storm, it is not advisable to throw away the charts, the compass, and the chronometer. The storm will not last forever, and they will be useful later.

Father Walsh on Russia

IN his splendid radio address on the night of April 18, the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University, dealt admirably with the argument that recognition of the Soviets would be good for American business. Father Walsh pointed out that a country pays for its imports in cash or in goods. But Russia cannot pay in cash, for she has none. As for credits in this country, the Soviet Government is generally distrusted, even by those American banks, once so generous in extending them. The Soviets, then, have no cash and cannot get credit; they are faced by domestic starvation, and compromised "by the unfulfilled promises of a fantastic five-year plan."

But what of goods? Should the Soviets be permitted to pay in goods, trade for us would not be better but worse. That course would mean the dumping in our marts of goods produced by forced labor in Russia. The result would be fewer jobs for the American workingman, falling prices for domestic commodities, and a deepening of the depression. Hence it would be folly to permit that kind of payment.

In the next place, it is well to remember the unhappy experience of two of the largest countries which entered into trade relations with Russia. Italy has terminated her agreement as wholly unsatisfactory. Great Britain has long been uneasy, and at the present moment seems due to follow Italy's example. No nation that struck a

pact with this utterly conscienceless tyranny has reaped anything but anxiety and danger.

The danger is always present, for it is simply not true that the rulers of Russia are content with maintaining Sovietism at home. "Moscow is not content to live and let live." As late as May 6, 1929, Stalin addressed a group of American Communists in Moscow, telling them that their organization must be "Bolshevized" to take its part in the extension of Sovietism in the United States, and throughout the world.

To recognize Russia would be supreme folly, and supreme disloyalty to all for which we as a people and as a Government have fought. As for "trade" the simple truth is that lack of recognition does not hinder trade. The figures for 1930 show that plainly. But closer affiliation, through recognition of this dishonest and tyrannical Government, may easily wreck all profitable trade.

The State and Morality

IN his report to the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Dr. James Brown Scott declares that the world "is lapsing into Machiavellianism." Too many public men defend "a double standard of morality in the conduct of world affairs," and hold that the one test of right and wrong is success. Whatever leads to that success is right, and whatever hinders it is wrong. Machiavelli, Dr. Scott observes, was of the opinion that morality had nothing to do with the affairs of nations. Nations were to be governed by their own interests, and the first duty of every government was to secure the realization of all those interests. All means to that end, whatever they might be in themselves, were thereby justified.

One need not be a profound historian to realize that Machiavelli rules the modern State. Writing 400 years ago, Vittoria, the great Dominican theologian, attacked the theories enunciated by Machiavelli, but he raised his voice almost in vain. The revolt against the principle of authority in the Church imperceptibly merged into a revolt of governments against the rights of the people and the rights of God, and the secular State, the chief fruit of Protestantism, became the standard and model. From the effects of that revolt the world is still suffering, and no remedy can avail as long as men and nations drug themselves with the poison of secularism. What rights, whether they be the rights of the people, or international rights, will be respected by the government which is based on the principle that the State can do no wrong? When the rights of God are flouted, no other rights are secure.

In this country, the doctrine that the State need not concern itself with morality has taken another form. Protesting that Church and State must never be united, a certain section of the non-Catholic public has reached the conclusion that in its operations the State need not take into consideration God and religion. The State, it is claimed, is sufficient to itself. But if the State pays no heed to religion, it will not long respect the morality

which is based on religion, or the laws which protect and promote that morality. For it is a secular State, owing no obligation, except to itself, and acknowledging no law beyond that which it imposes on itself.

In our international relations, we like to think that we have been better than our creed. But, while we retain some forms which acknowledge our dependence upon Almighty God, in a majority of our domestic activities we have permitted secularism to have its way without limit. The most notable of these activities is, perhaps, a nation-wide system of schools in which children are trained with as little reference to a morality based upon religion, as they might have been had they lived before the promulgation from Sinai of the Ten Commandments. The colleges and universities, based upon the same secularistic principles, have gone beyond the schools, and from these institutions, largely, have come the men who for nearly a century have shaped the laws and policies of the Government.

Today our dependence as a people and as a Government upon Almighty God and His law is acknowledged nowhere except in an occasional State paper. Well indeed does Dr. Scott write that what the world needs is a return to the concept of a State bound by a higher law than that of its supposed national interests.

Mothers' Day, May 14

AN advocate of preparedness writes to ask if we have forgotten Mothers' Day. In former years, he observes, "Mothers' Day began with you with the first April showers. Does your silence mean that your zeal is flagging? I hope that you will continue to urge, as you have urged for many years, 'a truly Catholic celebration of Mothers' Day.' Observations in my parish convince me that it can be made a means of grace for thousands."

To be quite frank, our zeal was flagging just a trifle. Perhaps our eye is jaundiced, but it seems to us that commercial entanglements are beginning to make any recommendation of Mothers' Day a bit ludicrous. We have been asked to send mother on this day almost every object in the catalogue of entities, ranging from a bunch of roses to a mattress.

Of course, all this commercialism should merely act as a spur to our old idea of "a truly Catholic celebration of Mothers' Day." As our correspondent points out, the day can be made a real means of grace for many, especially when it is carefully planned as a parish event. Few men will resist the appeal to receive Holy Communion for their mother living, and fewer still will hold back when asked to make their reception of Holy Communion on that day a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul. For a number of years, pastors have been reporting that Mothers' Day brings as many to the altar rails as Easter Sunday. And not infrequently the crowds are larger.

On its ethical side, Mothers' Day furnishes a rich variety of topics for discussion. Practices which as late as the turn of the century were confined to the vicious are now advocated as social and moral virtues. If these

new propagandists succeed in their efforts, social vice of a kind most degrading to woman and destructive of the family will be made respectable by Act of Congress. Greed for gold has all but destroyed the ideal of a living wage for the head of the family, and has substituted for it a scheme which compels the wife, and the children, should there be any, to leave the home to engage in a so-called "gainful occupation." Gainful, it may well be asked, to whom? When the employment of women in occupations which destroy their capabilities as home makers is assumed as a proper and, on the whole, as a beneficial ideal, woman is certainly not the gainer. Nor are the children, bereft of a mother's care, the gainers, nor is society. For the very basis on which it must be reared has thus been undermined.

Machines and delicatessen shops can do many things. But they cannot assuage childish woes, or teach childish hearts to know and to love the things that are good and wholesome and true. Only mothers can do that. The society which looks upon motherhood as a burden solely, has begun to fall. But it is doomed to speedy destruction when it sanctions the deliberate frustration of the faculties which an all-wise Creator has given man for the preservation of the race.

Mothers' Day, then, affords a good opportunity for a new and needed emphasis on the dignity of pure motherhood, and its tremendous importance to the welfare of the race and of society. Hitherto, we have stressed the magnificent value of machines, and with the paean sung, our ears were assailed by the crash of the industrial world. The crash suggests a serious error in our calculations. It should also encourage us to stress the magnificent value of good mothers.

What Next in Alabama?

WHILE the decision of the jury in the Scottsboro case was not unexpected, the outburst of wrath and petty bigotry in which the counsel for the defense indulged on his return to New York was most unexpected. After conducting a difficult case with unusual skill, Mr. Leibowitz spoiled his record. Had he deliberately set out to destroy all possibility of a fair trial at Decatur, he could not have attained that purpose better, and Judge Horton is right when he says that hereafter Mr. Leibowitz is a millstone around the necks of his clients.

Whether a trial fair to the defendants, and fair to the State, can now be conducted at Decatur is seriously doubtful. Yet unless the legislature intervenes to grant another change of venue by special enactment, the remaining defendants must be tried in a town whose citizens conceive themselves to be grossly insulted—and with some reason—by Mr. Leibowitz and his "Jew money from New York." If there are any inhabitants of the town and county who have not reached a conclusion on the guilt or innocence of these Negroes, they are, in all probability, deaf, dumb and blind, or mental defectives, and hence unfit for jury duty.

There is not much doubt as to the future of the case

of the defendant found guilty and condemned to death. In our view, a Federal issue is involved, for it will not be difficult to show that Negroes have been systematically excluded from jury duty in the county of the trial. The officials have probably concluded that such exclusion promotes the common welfare, but the Fourteenth Amendment lays down another rule. Apart from this issue, however, there are probable grounds for the charge that the disturbed condition of the community, actually reflected in the language of the prosecutor, made a fair trial impossible. If the Supreme Court adheres to precedent, a new trial will be ordered, and the status of the condemned man will be exactly that of his associates whose trials have been indefinitely postponed.

We sincerely trust that when these men are tried, they will be represented by counsel who not only appreciate the etiquette of the occasion—as Mr. Leibowitz apparently did not—but realize that their first duty is to cooperate with the courts to safeguard the ends of justice. Lawyers who hold a brief for any other client, a Communist group, for example, will only strike another blow at justice.

Note and Comment

Antics of Russian Law

If this country should be so foolish as to recognize Soviet Russia, our prospective Ambassador might do worse than study the jurisprudence of Moscow as contained in the news dispatches of the mock trial of the six British engineers for espionage and sabotage. He may need the information for some Americans. As revealed by Walter Duranty, of the *Times*, here is some of it. First of all, when you are arrested and tried in Russia, you are presumed to be guilty, for would the OGPU waste the comrade court's time by bringing before it anybody who was not guilty? Then, the court appoints your attorney, who must be a good Communist comrade, and, presumably, believes you as guilty as the court does. You will not be allowed to consult your consul alone, but only in the presence of an OGPU official. Get ready to be browbeaten by the judge. If you are accused of sabotage, and particularly of espionage, you would do well to know what those words mean. Sabotage may mean anything from throwing sand into the gears to taking a smoke on the job. Espionage is not only collecting military information, such as is usually gathered by the embassy's military attaché, but also political and economic information (the words are Duranty's). Travelers, beware! Also engineers who need the information for your firm. The reason is obvious. Soviet Russia is at war. It speaks of mobilization, conscription, the economic "front" and many other "fronts," and uses other war-like terms for business. Economic information, then, is a sinew of war; the penalty of divulging it is death. Of course, this absolves those travelers to Russia who put such information in their books, for that, as with Dorothy

Thompson and Theodore Dreiser in a celebrated case, is merely a collection of handouts from the Government itself.

Pope against Prohibition?

WHAT with one thing or another, April 7—the day the beer barriers burst—has already receded far into the past, and doubtless Dr. Clarence True Wilson's emotions, naturally somewhat agitated by the debacle, have had plenty of time to calm down. Dr. Wilson, addressing the lay members of the Methodist Church Conference in New York, asserted that the beer bill was the result of a conspiracy—a conspiracy in which four groups—the millionaires, the press, the politicians, and the alky barons—had successfully plotted with a fifth, the Catholic Church. In fact, remarked Dr. Wilson, "the Pope has sent no less than five documents to America agitating against national Prohibition." This is a most interesting statement. The doctor, a reverend and, in fact, a sort of pope who frequently teaches his co-religionists in matters of morals, has himself done quite a bit of agitating on the subject and has issued more than a few encyclicals on beer to his own faithful. How can he protest when the Vatican does the same thing? This Review, however, has never even heard of these five documents, despite the fact that its editors keep in careful touch with all Roman manifestos. Dr. Wilson cannot possibly be referring to the last five encyclicals or apostolic letters. None of them made the slightest mention of Prohibition; moreover, all of them were addressed to the whole world, and not one to this country alone. What five documents does Dr. Wilson mean? What were their names? To whom were they addressed? When were they issued? This Review, which has earnestly opposed Volsteadism since 1918, and which, of course, is deeply interested in all the Pope has to say, would certainly have known of any actual Papal denunciation of Prohibition. Can it be that the Methodist Secretary knows all about Vatican pronouncements proposing a unified Catholic vote on beer of which our Hierarchy, clergy, and Faithful, as well as AMERICA, are wholly ignorant?

Topsy-turvy Editorial

IN its Sunday issue last week, the New York *Times* had an editorial on "Republican Spain." In it the astounding statements were made that the municipal election of April 12, 1931, which led to the departure of King Alfonso, "was a crushing pronouncement against the monarchy," and that the Hitler victory "will not compare with the tidal wave of public opinion that swept the Spanish monarchy out of existence." Either the writer is wofully ignorant of the facts or he is deliberately deceiving his readers. The total figures for that election have never been published, in spite of many challenges to the Government to do so. But enough is known of the figures to be sure that an absolute majority was cast in the country for the monarchy, and it is a fact that there was a three-to-one majority of monarchist municipal

counselors elected. That is what makes all the more mysterious the flight of the King. This, however, is a merely academic question now, and the error affects nobody but the *Times* writer. What is more serious is the ignorance displayed over the state of things in Spain now. The Republic is called a "democratic experiment," in spite of the fact that Premier Azaña, under the Defense of the Republic act that abolished the Constitution the day after it was voted, is an absolute dictator. The defense of the Republic has been carried on "without excesses of temper or method," in spite of the recent hideous massacre of Casas Viejas, the continuing burning of churches and convents, the mobbing and shooting of Catholics at their meetings. The stability of the Republic may be gauged by the fact that Azaña has refused to abrogate the Defense of the Republic act during the coming elections.

Federal Wage Cutting

THE statistics on the cost of living, used by the Department of Labor to calculate the wage cut for Federal employes, have been called in question, and Miss Perkins announces that a new set will be ready by July 1. At this time a readjustment will be made for the ensuing fiscal year. Should it appear that the cost of living has decreased, a further cut will probably be made; otherwise, the wage scale will remain as it now is. No one questions the need of retrenchment in every department of government, but to impose the same wage cut on every employee, whether his salary is \$75,000 or \$1,500, is a violation of social justice. The only fair way is to use a graduated scale which will put the larger cuts on the larger salaries, with liberal exemptions for employes in the lower brackets who support a family. The uniform cut simply means that the children of the low-waged employes, some of whom are already underpaid, will join the breadlines. A graduated scale could be easily devised, and it should be used in planning the next Federal budget.

A Protestant among The Presbyterians

CHARGES preferred by Dr. J. Gresham Machen against the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church contained certain accusations of Mrs. Pearl S. Buck, author of the Pulitzer Prize novel, "The Good Earth," and of other realistic recitals of Chinese life. Because of an article in the January issue of *Harper's*, in which Mrs. Buck expressed what might be called un-Presbyterian opinion about the kind of belief fed to Chinese heathens, Dr. Machen took the opportunity to charge the Foreign Mission Board with disloyalty to the Gospel and to the standards of the Presbyterian Church. It is an internal dispute within the sect, the kind of dispute that is essential to every brand of Protestantism. But no one on either side, no one in the whole assembly could pronounce on her, could pronounce on any belief infallibly. The Holy Ghost does not hold guard over the purity of Presbyterian faith, as the wisdom of

Divinity is essentially in Catholicism. Our Catholic Church is not a pudding made of many contributions. It is not a mass of sentimentalities and emotionalism. It is not a vague collection of vaguer attitudes of minds. It is not a community of loose allegiances and free attachments. The Catholic Church is decisive both as to its members and as to its dogmas. It is built out of unbending steel reinforced with concrete. It is a church ribbed with girders and so bolted that no human power can tear it apart. The Catholic Church has an explosive force within it that keeps it free from decay. Greater and lesser heretics have been catapulted out of it during the course of 1900 years. Whether or not Mrs. Buck is a Presbyterian heretic, we are not competent to say; neither are the learned Presbyterian doctors. As far as the Elders in or out of convocation may determine, Mrs. Buck is free to call herself a Presbyterian as long as she chooses to do so. She is her own pope.

Catholic Anthropologists

THE Eighth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Anthropological Conference was held at the Catholic University Tuesday, April 18. The unobtrusive yet steadily growing influence of this small group was evidenced not only by the report of the brochures published during the year, but also by the fact that membership had increased five per cent since the last meeting. This was felt to be a decided achievement during a year of such marked economic stress. Four papers were read and discussed: "The Child Among the Mescalero Apache" by Miss Regina Flannery who had done field work there; "The Child Among the Yaunde of Kamerun" by the Very Rev. Max Haarpaintner, P.S.M., who was a pioneer missionary in that section of Africa from 1899-1911. In the afternoon session, Dr. Truman Michelson discussed "The Position of Women Among the Arapaho" and the Rev. Dr. John M. Cooper gave a brief but comprehensive account of our present knowledge of "Alcoholic Beverages in World Culture," searching back into proto-history and pre-history for the origins of fermented and distilled beverages. The Rev. J. B. Tennelly, S.S., S.T.D., Professor of Theology, Sulpician Seminary, Washington, who has long been actively interested in the work of the conference, was elected President.

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The Mexicans Are Catholics

L. A. GUERNSEY

THE Holy Father's Encyclical, "Acerba Animi," aroused a storm in the never too serene political circles of Mexico. The Apostolic Delegate was banished, the Archbishop summoned to court, what little religious liberty existed was imperiled, and Catholic schools were again threatened. Magnificent Colonial churches are being turned into factories, schools, workshops, anything except what they were built for. Twenty-five priests are considered more than enough to minister to more than a million people, and in this respect we are better off in the Federal District than outside it.

Education must be rationalistic and positivistic in order to be acceptable to those in power; therefore, the Catholic schools must be closed. The press speaks of a Committee of Public Health, whose object is to examine the religious tenets of Government employes, that no Catholic may work for the Government. Teachers have to conceal their belief or starve. And yet ninety per cent of the inhabitants are Catholics.

The language is essentially Catholic, and if things go on as they promise, many of its idioms, common sayings, and proverbs will have to be abolished, as well as many customs dear to the hearts of the people. Religion is so closely intertwined with everyday life here! Still, perhaps by means of close vigilance with adequate fines, a change may be wrought.

After scanning the paper fearing more bad news, I take a bus for the city, and en route find food for reflection. Our chauffeur has not taken down the religious picture that most of the buses display. A well-dressed, middle-aged woman crosses herself as she sits down. Two passengers raise their hats as we pass a church, one an elderly workingman, the other a young fellow with a tennis racket.

Though times are bad, many pretty modern-style houses are being built along the road. On those yet unfinished, the crosses placed there in May are still standing. The custom comes down from the old guild of stone masons, who celebrate the Discovery of the Holy Cross by erecting flower-decked crosses, blessed previously, on the buildings where they are working, with much rejoicing, fireworks, music, and often too much of the misunderstood drink *pulque*, for the sun is hot and throats are parched.

The suburban houses are set in gardens gay with flowers. Hollyhocks, in Spanish, "St. Joseph's rod," blue morning-glories nodding from balconies are called poetically the "Virgin's mantle." Some of these modern houses have a niche for the image of some saint, as had those built in times gone by, mostly empty now by some Governmental orders, the niches themselves works of art. One house displays a tile picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe; this is not only a religious picture but a patriotic emblem, for the liberator-priest Hidalgo bore it on his banner.

Our driver swerves violently to avoid a collision and a chorus of pious ejaculations is heard from the female passengers, and then "Thanks be to God," aloud or under the breath, according to sex, for the narrow escape.

On alighting a child stumbles and the mother says "Thou didst not cross thyself this morning." A peddler sells me a ball of darning cotton and crosses himself, rather shamefacedly, with my coin, thus showing it to be the first sale of the day. This reminds me of the saying applied to one despoiled of all earthly possessions. "He was left without even a face on which to make the sign of the Cross."

Traffic in the city is brisk, an old lady draws near and crosses with me, thanking me for nothing at all, with the dear old words "God reward you," and in explanation, "In these times one lives with the name of Jesus on one's lips," meaning in constant apprehension.

It is Saturday, and beggars enter shops and private houses where alms are distributed in honor of Our Lady. An old custom still observed in some homes is to distribute a kind of rice pudding to all who ask for it. The electric cars going to Guadalupe are full; many people go there every Saturday to visit the grand shrine. The Government has changed the name to Villa Madero, in spite of the Madero family's protest, but Guadalupe it is and always will be.

Many of the better-dressed women and girls wear some religious emblem, gold or silver medals, or crosses; some students wear badges in their buttonholes. The smaller shops have the picture of Our Lord or one of the Blessed Virgins in a prominent place, with flowers or a votive lamp before it. And the very names of some shops: Providence, Faith, Hope, Drugstore of St. Joseph, Bakery of Our Lady of Covadonga (Spanish, as are most bakers).

After my shopping, I go to call on a friend who lives in a large house that has been in the same family for over 200 years. The palm branches on the balconies show that a staunch believer lives therein. On the landing hangs a painting from which the sweet face of Our Lady smiles down upon all ascending, and in the drawing-room a beautiful statue representing the Sacred Heart, carved in Guatemala, is enthroned in the place of honor.

The old servant greets me with "What a miracle, Señorita," as she ushers me in. Someone is singing a lullaby in another room: "The Virgin washed the clothes, St. Joseph hung them out, the Babe wept for hunger; sleep, little one of my heart. *A la rrorro rró.*" The verses go on, so ingenuous and so tender that they make tears come to one's eyes.

My friend repeats the servant's words: "To what saint do we owe the miracle of seeing you in our house? You only come round Corpus and St. John's." The family gathers in the great drawing-room and conversation

veers to the religious question, which so vitally affects the life of the nation. Business is worse, everybody feels the depression, the dollar has gone up again. The aged grandmother exclaims: "From the roof downwards there is no hope, but from there upwards, yes . . . God is not dead."

I mentally note the sayings used in the conversation: "One cannot ring the bells and walk in the procession"; "clean as a paten"; "you will not find one better though you search with the Paschal candle"; "I would not do such a thing for a gold crucifix"; "not so much that it burns the saint nor so little that it doesn't light it at all"; "he is so mean he would not give a drink of water to the cock that crowed at Christ's passion"; "he is capable of selling the Holy Winding Sheet"; "like unto the bad thief, crucified and without reward"; and, referring to a hypocrite, "yes, his Mass and his mortal sin."

On hearing the noise of children coming in from a walk, "Sounds like the Day of Judgment," says their mother; and, as they are a bit dishevelled, "they look like Judases after the Gloria," referring to the burning of pasteboard effigies of the arch-traitor on Saturday in Holy Week.

A handsome young man bows before his mother for her blessing, about to leave for his own home, as he is a married man. He has just made us laugh, telling about a well-known atheist who always exclaims *Válgame Dios* (God help me) upon hearing any exciting news.

I take my leave with many *adios* (to God) and "God keep you in grace and health" from the grandmother, who was Lady-in-Waiting to Empress Carlotta of beloved memory, and a most charming conversationalist.

When I reach the street it is just twelve, and men hold their hats in their hands for the Angelus. May Mexico keep her traditions and her sayings!

Why Not Polyphonics?

A. M. SULLIVAN

A PROTESTANT gentleman of my acquaintance, happening into St. Patrick's Cathedral on Holy Thursday, was enraptured by the antiphonal chanting of the seminarians in the "Tenebrae." He said to me, "My heart is full of the echoes of Gethsemane." The universal language of song had penetrated deeper into his being than any sermon or pyrotechny of brass, reed, and string.

Parishes following the formula of the small volunteer choir of mediocre voices, a wheezing organ, and banal hymns, are a long distance from the spirit of the "Motu Proprio" issued by Pius X on November 23, 1903. Not that it is possible for a parish to train a group of men to sing comparable to the Roman choirs, but we are all the losers because of it. It's rare enough to hear a good voice on the altar singing High Mass, let alone to expect *a capella* singing from choir or stalls.

There is no sense in recrimination. We have an incentive, however, to search out a Benedictine Abbey where the "song is always greater than the sermon," to hear "Exultet" or "Lauda Sion." The sons of St. Benedict, wardens of the Gregorian Chant, are always pioneering for good voices. Secular parishioners starve along through the years, accepting devotional lyrics which may be complimentary to the throne of Heaven but are rather distracting to the cherubs who clustered around the choirs of Palestrina, and hovered around the stalls of Ratisbon, Solesmes, and St. Gall.

The Church is the mother of polyphonies. Chant was a pagan device for the memory. Emotion is a natural incentive for song. The religious fervor of the early Christians accepted chant, and the Greek and Hebrew influences eventually welded into tonal rhythms sponsored by Ambrose and Gregory. St. Patrick has been credited with the introduction of Gregorian chant into Ireland. That is an interesting anachronism, as Gregory

came several centuries after Patrick. Grattan Flood, the historian of Irish music, offers the alarming theory that Gregory was a Celt, and there is ample testimony to the support of Flood's premise in the collateral testimony of the Irish monks who Christianized Northern Europe.

There have been many internal disputes among the arbiters of chant—particularly the Popes—who zealously challenged the inroads of native melody and contrapuntal refinements which obscured the diction and clarity on the holy words. Only a scholar of music can follow the confusing maze of terms and technical phases of these wrangles. In the eleventh century, Guido d'Arezzo worked out his system of musical grammar which has been the foundation of all musical script. Prior to that there was no framework upon which a note might be fixed with exactitude. Students were now able to read music rapidly, and his "clefs unlocked the secret of the staves," to quote from Arezzo.

Into this sphere came Pierluigi Sante, known to music as Palestrina, nicknamed after his community in the Sabine hills. He was a vassal to the family of Vittoria Colonna, who was the inspiration of Michelangelo in his latter years. But as Zoë Kendrick Pyne has pointed out, Vittoria evidently knew nothing of the genius of the musician. While the Pyne biography is a better exposition of Palestrina's art than of his life, it offers many new facts on the composer's struggle for recognition. This book, which appeared in England in 1922 under the Bodley Head imprint, follows the growth of Palestrina during the seventy-year interim between Clement VII and Clement VIII, and is worth the reading for its revelation about the infancy of sacred music.

Palestrina's life coincided with troubous times in the Church politic. The vitiating hand of the Renaissance had left its mark on the Papacy. The Reformation had paralyzed portions of the Church body, but the blow was

not fatal. The Council of Trent had wielded a chastening rod on church music, and Palestrina alone saved *a capella* from the wrath of Paul IV. Loyola was in the field with his warriors of the flaming word, Catherine of Siena's shrill voice had reached into Rome, Francis had married poverty, and the Church set about to capture its lost dominions. Not even Italy was spared the infectious heresies of Erasmus. Ochino, leader of the Capuchins, had defected after a glorious career of oratory. Even the eye of suspicion was on Vittoria Colonna and her group of spiritual esthetes who gathered to debate the moot points of grace and faith.

Palestrina began as a choir boy under Firmin le Bel in Santa Maria Maggiore in 1537. He was about eleven when he came under the influence of this Frenchman, who made a deep impression on the youngster. His first appointment was as master and organist at St. Agapito in 1544. Then his fame spread, and in 1551 he became master of the boys in the Julian Choir at St. Peter's. From 1555 to 1594, which is the year of his death, he produced nearly a hundred Masses and innumerable madrigals, motets, hymns, and litanies. His "Missa Papae Marcelli" is considered his most beautiful achievement.

Let us make no pretense here of reviewing Palestrina's contribution to church music. His life paralleled the most critical period of the Church's existence, and his gift of art to the Church is equal to and more enduring than Michelangelo's marble and Raphael's canvas. He helped to bring polyphony to its zenith, and exhibited a weaver's dexterity in design and coloring of song. It was his skill and invention that occasionally worried the Popes and patrons of the pure Gregorian chant, yet they realized that he was an artificer in sound, as skilled as Cellini in metals, or Murano in glass.

In our era of robust opera singers whose tonal acrobatics and muscular demonstrations of the larynx are part of an act, it is a pleasure to meet a singer whose first training was in polyphonic chant. Not very long ago, I met a youngster who had trained with Father Bracken's Choristers in Brooklyn. He was an Italian lad with a colorful tenor voice. He played with upper notes with the effortless ease of light reflecting on the ceiling from a basin of water. Another man sang that evening, a huge baritone with chesty volume and a flair for histrionics. It was a notable contrast of artist and artisan in song.

There are still a few laymen out of the Church environment who love unaccompanied song. There are some discerning glee clubs, and, of course, the irrepressible German Saengerfests. Singing societies from all over the globe attended the Vienna conclave three years ago, and one baton ruled 70,000 voices. Welshmen have their Eisteddfod, and Irishmen their Feis, but most Americans are satisfied to harmonize on bar-room ballads.

The parish choirs—those not affording the luxury of paid soloists—agonize through the year with discord and cacophony, believing that piety and faith cover a multitude of sour notes. The stertorous baritone and nasal soprano are doing their best, and their best is often a

keen penance for their auditors. At May and October devotion the parishioners join in the chorals, but they are called on to sing doggerel hymns. They might prefer a chance to join in "Tantum Ergo," "Pange Lingua," even if they murdered the Latin and didn't understand the words. An altar boy may forget the English hymns which are not much different in technique from the Wesleyan variety, but to his dying day he can remember the authentic melodies of St. Thomas of Aquinas and Thomas of Celano. "Dies Irae" will convert more rationalists than a volume of Bossuet, and a review of the "Summa."

American standardization of Sunday Mass has resulted too often in a race through the Missal, a brief homily from the Gospel, and an exhortation on parish finance. People are left to their prayer book and beads with nothing of antiphonal song to capture their emotion, and awaken a religious fervor. Formalism is the foe of ceremonial beauty. If the ineffable quality of the ancient liturgy is to come back, it must ride the clefs and staves of Gregory, with Palestrina as his adjutant.

People in America have a vague notion about the Vatican Choir. About fourteen years ago, an American Catholic in Rome conspired with an American Mason in New York to bring a "Vatican Choir" to America. It was a prodigious undertaking, and the enthusiasm of the backer soon waned when cost of upkeep was infinitely greater than a crowded theater could possibly return in box-office dollars. The tour was a financial debacle, but it is still remembered by its financial supporter as an outstanding achievement in his life. Afterward it was revealed that this was not "the" Vatican Choir at all. Not that they were interlopers, but it was one of several excellent choirs that are known at the Basilicas.

The visitors achieved one fine objective. American Catholics woke up to the artistry that human voice achieves with no aid but the wand of the master. The singers had a consummate artistry. Melody rippled from boy soprano to basso with a unison and tonal beauty that was sheer perfection of technique.

The song is still greater than the sermon in the fiber of religion. There is no reason why the heritage of choral music should be lost in the mad rush of a mechanized world. The reed, the pipe, and the string of the symphony are indicative of the complexities of a confused civilization. They are no less beautiful because they attempt to interpret the pain and ecstasy of the mundane. But no instrument can equal the voice in the Divine urge.

Chant, burrowing beneath the veneer of the centuries, has its roots in tribal society, where the seneachies chanted their meters to Irish heroes, where patriarchs sang of the wanderings of the sons of Noah, where the bards of Hellas captured the legends of Greece.

We are asked to accept many things on faith. It is a pleasant tonic when we enjoy the mysteries of religion with song that is attuned to the psalms of the Prophets, and, as we listen, the whole horizon of life broadens until we sense intuitively the electric rhythm of the spiritual that is captured in song, but lost in mathematics.

The Little Sisters of the Poor

CHARLES J. GALLAGHER, S.J.

MANY who know them regard them as little angels ministering about the gates of eternity. For a few weeks after my ordination I was chaplain, during the regular chaplain's absence, of one of their homes in a large city. We have since been friends.

One somehow senses eternity upon entering their home. For all of their charges, it is life's twilight hour. The atmosphere is that of day ending, and there seems to be almost always audible a faint chant of Vespers and Compline. At present in the home of which I write, there are well over 300 old men and women but the big house is very silent; it is not the silence of deep woods just before the Springtime, nor yet the frozen silence of Northern Alaska, but rather that peculiar mellow silence of a peaceful autumn evening when the leaves are falling.

An old lady remarked, "I never knew there were so many old people in the world until I came here. I was lonesome until I saw so many others who looked lonesome, too; now all together we are quite happy, but I guess we have lived too long." We were near the entrance to the large spacious chapel, and just then two others came hobbling along, supporting each other, it seemed, by their mutual weakness, "going" they said "for their daily hour with Him." To the more ancient looking of the two, I said, "I know it is terribly bad form even to hint slightly, especially in this age of school-girl complexions, that one may be interested in a lady's age. But I imagine when you hear such expressions as 'before the War and since the War,' your mind instinctively reverts to the Civil War."

"Yes, indeed, I must be near ninety, but I've forgotten, and what difference does it make? I'm all packed now and ready to go into life everlasting. The good Sisters open the gates for us and they neglect nothing in the preparation. Come now, Mary, we are keeping the Lord waiting."

When I met the good Mother (the official title of the Superiorress is *Bonne Mère*; the Sisters are French foundation), I naturally thought that, not unlike other executives and all the rest of us, she would be interested in joining in a lament about the depression and the horrible economic condition, but to my surprise she said: "Father, we do not know there is a depression except that the house is filled to capacity. God does not have depressions; these things are man-made, are they not? Let us go into the sun room and greet all our nice ladies. Here's Elizabeth, Father, she lost all her money and her big house and her friends and relatives and now she only has us."

"Father," sighed Elizabeth, "Sister is more to me than all the money I ever had. You know, I once heard a sermon about making for yourself treasure in Heaven. But like so many things we hear, in one ear, out the other. The truth of it finally came home to me when the Sisters gathered up this old wreckage that is I and brought me here. I have had time to think of how insecure the things

of this world are and what a mistake we make in not making for ourselves treasure in Heaven, which is all we will have in the end anyway."

I was really amazed at how well the storeroom was stocked. "Did you beg all this?" I asked.

"Yes, all of it," was the reply. And how long will this last? "Oh, about two or three days. The little wagon in which we go about the city twice daily is always pretty well filled when it returns."

Now in the storeroom there is a statue of St. Joseph, their special patron. In front of it I noticed a piece of cake, and I inquired why it was there. "Well, you see," said the Sister in charge, "this is the last piece we have and we need some for Sunday and St. Joseph must get it for us." On Sunday I thought I would check up, as it were, on St. Joseph, so I inquired about the cake. "Oh, yes, it came, much more than we needed. St. Joseph never fails us."

All the while a message from the Mount of the Beatitudes like beautiful, if somewhat wailful, music seemed to suffuse the corridors and rooms all about me. "And he said to his disciples; Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on. Life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment. Consider the lilies of the field, how they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you; not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these. Now if God clothe in this manner the grass that is today and tomorrow cast into the fire; how much more you, O ye of little faith."

"Faith and confidence in God," said an old Sister, who had been the *Bonne Mère* in four of their homes, "is what the world needs. The whole trouble with the world, Father, is that it has abandoned God, and like the plagues spoken of in the old Testament, the scourge of the depression is upon it. Didn't the Pope tell them that it's all due to greed and isn't that exactly what it's due to? Aren't the great majority like unmanly, selfish children who are given a box of candy; each one trying to get it all for himself, instead of taking his proper share and being satisfied? And didn't the Pope tell them to do penance and pray and return to God in the love and charity of Christ? But even now, what are they doing? Organizing hunger marches, making numberless speeches about relief, and thinking by changing the President, there will come the millennium, as though the President were God Almighty."

"I have been a Sister for fifty-three years in many of our homes and we have never wanted for anything. Once in Chicago there was a bakers' strike; we had no bread. The Sister in charge came to me before dinner and said: "Good Mother, there is no bread, what will we do?" "We will go to the chapel, our Lord has bread for us," I replied. We went to the chapel and after half an hour Sister returned to the kitchen. The table was filled with

bread. We thought, of course, that the baker who promised us bread for that day had been there. We asked him a week later about it. He had not been there. You see, Father, if we had known it was miracle bread, we would have been tempted to keep it, so our Lord did not let us know until it was all gone."

It was now time for Benediction. My altar boys were in the sacristy waiting for me. In age, one was eighty, another seventy-eight, and a third seventy. "How long have you been an altar boy?" I asked one. "Two years, and isn't it hard to get your tongue around Latin?" he asked. "So they seem to think in the high schools and colleges," I replied. "I always sez *laffi-cat juventutem meam* and he tells me," indicating his senior, who is very much master of ceremonies "it isn't *laffi-cat*, it's *lae-tie-fi-cat*, but I'll get it if I keep pounding at it, and anyway it all means 'To God, who gives joy to my youth.' Funny, isn't it, us fellows talking about our youth, but I guess we are all young before God, for aren't we his children?"

At Benediction, one could hear faint sighs and quite audibly, here and there, the Holy Name of Jesus. All were bowed in silent adoration for the blessing of the Master, who had gathered them about himself at the end of the journey.

The Diabolic Plot

DOROTHY DAY

IT is when the Communists are good that they are dangerous. And the trouble with many Catholics is that they do not recognize this dangerous goodness but think of Communists as characters from E. Phillip Oppenheim's international mystery novels.

Not long ago a Catholic novel was published by the Macmillan Company, and it was all about the fiendish Bolsheviks and their international agents and how refugee women of gentle birth were kidnapped and returned to Russia to be mated to nobles, in order that they might propagate a race of supermen.

The story is fantastic. One expects the characters to turn into demons or angels. One is amazed that such a book could be seriously written. It should have ended on the fantastic note struck by G. K. Chesterton in "The Man Who Was Thursday."

The story is obnoxiously class-conscious. Nobles are nobles by nature as well as by birth, and the lower classes are noble in that they are the faithful servitors of those above them. If they are interested in those of their own class, and in righting the wrongs done them, then they are beetle-browed Bolsheviks.

And lastly, the story is untrue.

My association with the radical movement began while I was in college and continued for a decade. I worked for the Socialist paper, the *Call*, for the radical monthly, the *Masses*, for the anti-conscription League, for the Communist monthly the *Liberator*, and for the Anti-Imperialist League, and in these various jobs I became acquainted with many people connected with the labor

movement, so that I can write from actual knowledge of the goodness of the people with whom I came in contact.

Leaving friends and acquaintances out of it, however, take the case of William Z. Foster, the Communist candidate for President, a man respected and admired, even extolled in the weekly "capitalist" press. The *New Yorker* had a long article on Communist organization and Foster's part in it, and there was another leading article in the *New Republic* about the work of this man. From these articles, one could assume that Foster is a good man, a disciplined man, who lives for his ideals and is above the venality associated with political figures.

And then there is the case of the boy who lived across the street from me on East Fifteenth Street, between Avenue A and First Avenue, a peaceable Communist youth who was killed a few months ago when a Trotskyite sought to break up a Communist street meeting by hurling bricks from the roof of an adjoining house. For the last six months I had lived in this old German-Irish neighborhood just across from where this boy lived, and after his death I heard a great deal about him.

He had for years been the support of his invalid mother, his unemployed father, and his schoolgirl sister. The day his body was taken away, the German and Irish neighbors gathered in front of their stoops and spoke of him with hushed voices and heavy tears in their eyes.

"He was a good boy, so steady and so clean."

"He took such care of his family, and him so young."

"He used to come into my shop for milk every morning. So polite he was! Such a nice way of talking!"

"He was a Communist, yes, but he was so good."

What they said of him typifies what I mean. He was not wild eyed, shaggy haired, revolutionary looking. He was not a hater of the institution of the family. He worked and served his father and mother and sister. He had courtesy and respect for his fellow-man, and at night, after his day's work, he studied to better his condition. His life was actuated by a love of his fellows, and in his love for his fellow-creatures he forgot his Creator, if indeed he had ever known Him. Together with other boys on this street, he had been brought up without any religious training, and in growing up, he, with high ideals, had espoused the cause of the worker.

The other boys hung around pool rooms, street corners, and clubs, spent their hours in playing cards and gambling, discussed politics in terms of graft and rackets.

He went to meetings, discussed the questions of child labor, workingmen's rights and unemployment, and donated from his own small earnings towards strike funds to feed the hungry workers, and the mothers and children of other workers like himself.

It is because of the Communist party's ideals, not because of its essential anti-religious aspect; because of its love of the ordinary man, and not because of its hatred towards God, that so many young people are being attracted towards Communism. And being attracted by what is good in their natures, and fervently embracing it as a cause, they come eventually to accept whole-heartedly all the party teaches.

In the Communist movement in America, the question of religion only comes up when a strike is being carried on in a Southern mill town, for instance, where the mountaineers are sincerely believers, or in city factories where the foreign labor is Catholic. In these cases, here are Lenin's directions in his writings on religion:

A Marxist must place the success of the strike movement above all else, must definitely oppose the division of the workers in this struggle into atheists and Christians, must fight resolutely against such a division. . . . We must not only admit into the . . . party all those workers who still retain faith in God, we must redouble our efforts to recruit them. We are absolutely opposed to the slightest affront to these workers' religious convictions. . . . We do not declare, and must not declare in our program that we are "atheists."

It is the predictions of Engels and Lenin in their writing which disclose the "diabolic plot," the ultimate establishment of atheism, and one can only feel that the freeing of the masses from oppression is a means to an end, and not an end in itself.

"No books, no preaching, can possibly enlighten the proletariat, unless it is enlightened by its struggle against the dark forces of capitalism." "The roots of modern religion are deeply embedded in the social oppression of the working masses"; so relieve this oppression first in order to get at the roots!

Again and again Lenin urges that the fight against religion be postponed, and addressing those frantic ones who wish to rush into the battle at once, he reminds them that the bourgeois liberals are only too anxious to foment religious disputes in order to distract the attention of the people from the class struggle, and these religious wars lead only to a victory for the Church.

Those who have not gone to the root of dialectical materialism [i.e. of the philosophy of Marx and Engels] may not be able to understand this [necessity for delay] . . . What! subordinate ideological propaganda, the propaganda of definite ideas? Subordinate the struggle against religion, the thousand-year-old enemy of culture and progress, to the class struggle, to the struggle for transient practical economic and political aims? . . .

To draw a hard and fast line between the theoretical propagation of atheism, between breaking down the religious beliefs of certain sections of the proletariat, and the effect, the development, the general implications of the class struggle of these sections, is to reason non-dialectically; to transform a variable, relative boundary into an absolute one. It is a forcible tearing asunder of that which is indissolubly connected in reality.

I do not know whether the boy across the street knew what he was doing—that he was working with the distinct end in view of tearing down the Church. I do know that the good Irish and German neighbors didn't know it. They said sadly: "He was a good boy, a fine boy," and they wept at his passing.

Sociology

Ratification by Convention

WILLIAM L. LUCEY, S.J.

IF the "drys" refuse to admit defeat, and plan to carry an appeal to the Supreme Court, the best recommendation for the "wets" is patience and sympathy. Sympathy is in order, for it must be remembered that as a political party the Prohibitionists are almost as old as the Grand Old Party itself, and that the Eighteenth Amendment is the achievement of forty-four years of organization, of "drives," of petitions, and, as I have heard, of threats and intimidation. When the labors of almost fifty years are dissipated after twelve years, sympathy is in order, and some opposition is expected. Patience, too, is recommended because the "drys" are following the strategy (never successful) introduced by the "wets," who have always had some case, either in the docket of the Supreme Court or in their minds, since December 3, 1917, when Congress deemed it "necessary" to propose the Prohibition Amendment to the consideration of the States.

Though such appeals are subterfuge rather than strategy, some benefit from them cannot be denied. In the case of *Dillon vs. Gloss*, we learn that "the ratification (of an Amendment) must be within some reasonable time after the proposal." By this inference Congress is empowered with authority to determine the reasonable time allowed the States for action. Is a year "within reasonable time"? As yet, only the members of our highest court know. The only definite piece of knowledge clad

with constitutional certitude is that seven years is quite reasonable; that is, quite reasonable for State action on a proposed Amendment, but not for paying one's debts or burying the dead.

In another case, *Hawke vs. Smith*, we are informed that State legislation or provisions in a State Constitution cannot alter the method of ratification as determined by Article V. There are only two possible methods: State legislatures or State conventions, and any popular action, such as a referendum, as a substitute for, or as a necessary confirmation of, legislative or conventional action, is unconstitutional.

Rather meager knowledge, you will say. But extremely costly, I say. The custom of the court is to decide the point at issue, disregarding all side issues, and the point at issue, too often, is a "well-woven snare" to win delay.

Grateful we are, and should be, for the expensive knowledge garnered from the arguments and decisions of these cases. But court action was only intended when necessity demanded a solution to a knotty Constitutional problem.

Already we hear talk of immediate appeal to the Supreme Court regarding the proper procedure of ratification by conventions, which is the method demanded by the "wets" and feared by the "drys." Why these demands and fears, if ratification by conventions gives Con-

gress more power than ratification by legislature? Most people thought conventions gave the citizens of the States, not the members of Congress, more freedom of action. Is there any necessity for a court decision? Must the States stand idle while months of the "reasonable time" allowed for action are consumed by legalists?

It is a sad commentary on our Constitutional progress if the original States, despite hostile legislatures, could follow the directions of Article VII ("the ratification of the *conventions* of the nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of the Constitution") without the aid of Congressional action, executive ordinances, and judicial decisions in the ratification of the Constitution, while the ratification of a single Amendment to the document by the same method (conventions) becomes a stumbling block to the States in their maturity. What did Hamilton mean when he said: "There can, therefore, be no comparison between the facility of effecting an Amendment, and that of establishing in the first instance a complete Constitution"?

The point debated seems to be this: once Congress has selected the method of ratification by the States, is all consequent action exclusively State action, or has Congress more power when the convention method is chosen rather than action by the legislatures? Any fair inference which would empower Congress with more authority over ratification by convention, should be based, it seems, on the words of Article V, on the intentions of the framers, or on the necessity of Congressional action when ratification is by conventions.

What, then, are the answers to these three questions?

1. What power does Article V give Congress over the ratification of amendments?

2. What did the framers intend by adding an alternative to the method of ratification, *i.e.*, by conventions?

3. Is Congressional action necessary, once the convention method has been selected?

Article V is clear; so clear that it seems to me that Justice Day, in rendering his decision in *Hawke vs. Smith* mildly rebukes the "wets" for bringing the case to the courts. He remarks: "the language of the Article is plain, and admits of no doubt in its interpretation." And what power or powers over ratification does Article V grant Congress? The *determination* of the *method* of ratification is the exercise of a national power specifically granted by the Constitution; that power is conferred upon Congress, and is *limited* to two methods: by action of the legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States. There is no doubt in the mind of Justice Day as regards the power of Congress over ratification. Congress may select the method by which the States must ratify or reject the proposed amendment. That power is limited to the selection; there is no authority granted for Congressional action after the selection, be the choice by legislatures or conventions. Ratification by legislature or convention is State action since both legislature and convention are State bodies.

When the framers of this Constitution added the second method of ratification (convention) they had no

intention of increasing the powers of Congress. The original clause provided for the amending of the Constitution (both the proposal and ratification of Amendments) "without requiring the assent of the national Legislature." After some discussion whereby a national convention for the final ratification of a proposed amendment was rejected for ratification by State legislatures or State conventions, Congress deciding on which method, the Article as we have it was accepted. Madison, who proposed this Article, foresaw difficulties from the quorum, form, etc. of a national convention, but apparently no difficulties attached to State conventions. The reason was clear. State conventions were no novelty in American political life. The framers had borrowed this method from the State Constitutions of Pennsylvania, Georgia, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, which contained provisions requiring amendments to their respective constitutions to be made by conventions of the people. This alternative mode was added, not to give Congress more power over the ratification of amendments, but that the people of the States might express their convictions more directly and more certainly.

There was only one good argument against the State conventions, an argument which may have been true during the early history of our government, but is certainly of no value today. This held that the best minds and highest characters of the States were in the legislatures, and that conventions would be composed of second-rate men. That argument neither had nor has any weight against the advantages of a body chosen "for the special purpose of considering the Amendment," entirely free from the demands and compromises of the issues of a legislature. The words of Justice Day on the word *legislatures* is equally applicable to the word *conventions*. "That was not a term of uncertain meaning when incorporated into the Constitution. What it meant, when adopted, it still means for the purpose of interpretation."

Possibly, Congressional action, after the selection of conventions as the method of ratification, is necessary. Yet, our Constitution, a document of greater value, and demanding more consideration and thought than all the Amendments attached to it, was established by State conventions, convoked and regulated by the respective States, without the aid of Congressional action. Congressional action, of course, was impossible, for the Constitution which was established by State conventions created Congress. The framers were quite conscious of the necessity of some action, by State or national legislature, before conventions actually ratified or rejected an amendment. They were also quite conscious of the ability of each State to execute the necessary preliminaries. That explains, I believe, why there is no reference to Congressional power on this point.

We should remember that State action on a proposed Amendment is a discretionary, not a mandatory power. If the legislature of a State attempts to defeat the purpose of the Congress and the will of her citizens by refusing to take necessary action for the State convention, that is a pure State problem, and the citizens of the State

must find the remedy. But if Congressional action were necessary, and neglected, the amendment would be defeated by Congress; a power hardly claimed by Congress!

Hamilton, commenting on Article VII which contains the words: "ratification of the conventions of nine States," remarks that it "speaks for itself." If ratification by State conventions conveyed no doubts or fears in 1787, whence the doubts and fears of 1933? What has clouded the clearness of those words? In 1787, there was no doubt that the necessary action, after the selection of the method of ratification, was exclusively State action. As far as the individual States are concerned, the problems are the same, whether the Constitution, as in the case of its establishment in 1787, or Congress in the case of the recently proposed amendment of 1933, selects the method, ratification by conventions. Let us hope that the States of 1933 are capable of performing the same task so admirably handled by the States of 1787.

Education

Extras!

JOHN WILBYE

IN the days of my youth I attended a parish school for a couple of years, and the tuition was exactly fifty-one cents a month, and no extras. This was after Miss Bonny's private and select school had folded its wings, for a reason, which, after all these years, is still unknown to me. Either it had become so extremely private and select that the supply of available youth in our town was exhausted, or the parents of the local Vere de Veres would not soil their fingers with filthy lucre, even by way of paying Miss Bonny her just fees. At any rate, there were no extras. Then, after a career at the parish school, consisting largely of truancy, I was entered at a Jesuit high school, all found for three dollars per month, and no extras.

It will be observed that I spent my early youth in very poor schools. As the Mock Turtle pointed out to Alice many years ago, no school can be "a really good school," without extras. Items such as "French, music, and washing—extra" must figure on the bills of all really good schools, and I offer this observation to the North Central and similar investigating bodies, as a norm and guide. The wheel has turned, however, since I was a boy. In these days, many schools assent to the philosophy of the Mock Turtle, and even go beyond it. They exact a stipend for entrance to the main tent, not a large one, to be sure, and then half-a-dozen smaller stipends for the exhibits in the side shows. It is a most exasperating custom. Just as you have balanced your budget, thereby slaying the big lion in the path, you are attacked by six ferocious mosquitoes, all sharp of beak and most agile of foot and wing. The sum of the six extras does not equal the original outlay in money, but it carries double the annoyance.

Some weeks ago I walked home from High Mass with my young friend, Wiley Marshall, and as we walked we chewed the cud of a text or two from the sermon.

Strictly speaking, it had not been a sermon at all, but the announcement of another special collection for the parish school. Personally, I had thought it a good talk, but Wiley did not agree. It was the third appeal of the month, and why couldn't they have a sermon now and then? He was quite uppish about it.

Let me say here that Wiley has three children in the parish school, and for them he pays \$5.00 per month. A smaller sum, \$3.00, would be customary, but Wiley likes to think that he can supply for the tuition of two children whose parents can pay nothing. In addition, he contributes to the special collections, and pays for textbooks, writing material, and so on. To none of these things does he object. What galls him is the extras.

"Mother, I need a dime. This is sewing day," Elizabeth announces.

Mother finds the dime. Then Billy pipes up.

"Gimme a dime too, mother. This is drawing day."

Another dime is fished from the lean purse. Mary Alice comes down the stairs, a bit late by reason of extra primping.

"Mother, give me fifty cents, please. I'm to be in the procession next Thursday, and the lily costs fifty cents."

There you are—seventy cents at one blow! Not much, you say? Perhaps not, if you have a comfortable balance at a good bank. But suppose you are a struggling professional man, with fees practically non-existent in these days; or a clerk, with a salary just half what it was two years ago, with a jobless brother or sister to be helped, and with a chronic expectancy and dread of being laid off, or put on the "share-the-work" plan. Would you find it easy? Or suppose you had exactly no job at all? Would you find it possible? And suppose these extras come week in and week out?

You are trying to dress the children at least decently, give them enough to eat, and send them every day to a Catholic school. You have humbled yourself by asking remission of the monthly fee (O, yes, I know that's good for us; it is so easy to see that hard things are good—for other people) but the children do not know that, and these extras are, unfortunately, collected in public. To the youngsters, it is shame and humiliation burned into their very souls, to lack the money when "all the others have it." Often it may well be a humiliation of a kind not good for them. Wiley tells me that last week, his boy came home and said he wasn't going to the Catholic school any more. He was going to public school. That morning his mother had been unable to give him money for some tickets that "all the other boys were buying." Wiley is uneasy about it.

I know, of course, that this case has many angles; more than it would have but for this world-wide depression. One of these does not refer to parents at all, or to their children, but to the parish priest. What of his position, when he must get up before an audience, Sunday after Sunday perhaps, and ask for money? He knows that perhaps half his people are out of work. Of the other half, many are on a reduced wage, and all are contributing in one form or other to relief funds. Nothing

can hearten him for his unpleasant task, except the conviction, the growth of sad experience, that unless he can keep his school open, many of the children will grow up uninstructed in religion.

He knows very well what many who hear him are thinking. They realize, it is true, the value of the Catholic school, but no one can realize what it costs so well as the man who must find the money to keep it going. He is not asking anything for himself. He is begging for their children. He is pleading for Christ Who died to save these children. But while he speaks he is conscious of an echo: "Why can't we have a sermon now and then? Why all this talk about money?"

Well, why? He employs a sewing teacher, and tries to pay her with dimes collected from the children. Then a drawing teacher is needed. The Community which staffs his school cannot supply him, and he engages a lay teacher. He or she is a good Catholic, but, unfortunately, with an appetite for food, which costs money, and a custom of sleeping under a roof, which also costs money. Money, money, money; he talks about it to himself more than to his congregation. Where is he going to get it?

I do not know the answer. But I fear that if some answer is not found, many parents will take their children out of the parish school. This is not exclusively a problem of the depression. It has been with us for some years.

Why should all this burden fall on the shoulders of the parish priest? Some months ago, Dr. Francis M. Crowley, of St. Louis University, gave us in these columns a discussion of school finance that was admirable, but, as I recall, he said nothing about this burden. Why cannot at least some of it be shifted to the shoulders of the laity? Nearly fifty years ago, the Council of Baltimore suggested the inclusion of laymen on the governing bodies of our schools. It seems to me that had this recommendation been universally followed, the pastor of today would not be obliged to beg, almost literally from door to door, for his school. The school would not have escaped the effects of this depression, but the burden of its support in trying circumstances would be better distributed. That is one lesson of the depression. Perhaps another lesson is the necessity of a diocesan equalization fund, and of a school tax not levied on the parish, but on the diocese.

BEAUTY SHALL BE NO LESS TO ME

Beauty shall be no less to me because
 Ever she leaves my heart a lonely thing
 That still must live and love and strive to sing!
 Once, for a fugitive moment, did she pause—
 Once, for a dear lost moment, I beheld
 Her slim and quivering—as a wild bird
 May stay its flight too briefly. . . . And I heard
 All the rapturous songs, the music quelled
 Neither by time nor ugliness nor tears—
 Music having a subtle, sure defense
 Built on its own elusive permanence. . . .
 Oh, moment wholly mine beyond the years'
 Far going! . . . Beauty shall be no less to me
 Because she holds herself aloof and free.

CATHERINE PARMENTER

With Scrip and Staff

LAST Autumn, when the Anchoret swayed this column, he remonstrated with the Little Flower for writing him a letter. That letter, signed by Herself, bore a North Carolina postmark. Later, it was discovered that the Little Flower's signature was forged. She was still in Paradise, not North Carolina; but she did have one of her churches there. Her vice-gerent in North Carolina, Father Denges, protested vigorously against the anchoritic acidities. But no avail; by that time, the Anchoret had ceased to be. But now, Father Denges writes him an Easter note that arrives just as he awakes from his hibernation: "Hello Père Anchoret!" writes the representative in North Carolina of the Little Flower. "Be a sport!" What visions of the long ago the word calls up. "Read this letter!" Like the Scot, the Anchoret is sparing in the use of his spectacles, lest he wear them out. But he decided to indulge in this extravagance and fitted on his spectacles and read: "God must be pleased with the Little Flower School in the most non-Catholic State of the Union. We began with 14 pupils. To-day we number 61." He read: "With a parish of 48 souls, including little ones, our weekly collections, all told, average less than five dollars. On our bleak missions we receive half this amount from 33 Catholics in a vast territory of 4,000 square miles, which is just about one-twelfth the area of North Carolina." Well, that is a great deal more appealing than the letter from the Little Flower. The Anchoret will pray that the statistics change places; may Father Denges, in his next letter, be able to say that he has 4,000 Catholics in 81 square miles.

LONDON has a play about Francis Thompson, written by Anonymous. Charles Morgan writes to the *New York Times* that it "is not in any respect a great play." He means in its architectonics. But he approves the theme. He believes that "Thompson's life, like other lives, petered out, continuing beyond its climax and having no end but death." Now is that a nice thing to say about Thompson's life? Taint, and moreover, taint true. Nevertheless, according to Mr. Morgan, "within his life a lovely and complete incident was embedded, and this incident has been made the subject of a play." Yes, dear reader, your suspicions are correct. When they speak of a lovely incident, you know what they mean. The incident of the Meynells? Don't be silly. It is an incident of the days of his vagabondage, of his deepest degradation, when he was living like a gutter rat. The novelist and the dramatist cannot work up a good story or a powerful play on virtue, for readers and audiences are not interested in people trying to live innocently; they want strong, lovely incidents of vice. They can't endure an Alice Meynell, they clamor for the "woman of the streets named Ann," who had pity on Francis Thompson and took him in. "With her he lives hap-

pily," says Mr. Morgan. But Ann, the magnanimous, the understanding, the lovely lady of the sidewalks, "perceiving that her use to this man is ended, disappears. Night after night, Thompson searches for her unavailingly." Down drops the curtain. The lovely and complete incident is finished. Francis Thompson is immortalized on the stage. Having lost his Ann, his life peters out. There may be bad in the lives of the best of us and good in the lives of the worst of us, but the good of us makes bad drama and the bad is lovely.

"I WANNA ask you," said the motorman-conductor on the crosstown local. "I wanna tell you, I coulda crossed on the green light but I saw you coming. They don't mind," he continued with a toss of his head towards the passengers. "I'll get 'em there on time, wherever they're going." He slammed the doors and pounded the bell, and with groanings and creakings the car trundled along the tracks. Now that it was bowling along safely, with nothing in view to bump into and no unfortunate to run over, the motorman took out his wallet and handed me a clipping. "Read it," he commanded as he twisted off the power and grabbed for the brake. It was assuredly a novelty for me. "The famous 'Lucky Jesuit Cross,'" the top lines of the advertisement announced. "Have good luck. Wear the 'LUCKY JESUIT CROSS,' over 250 indestructible pearls. Sterling silver chain, and clasp. Full choker length. Packed in handsome jewelry box. Ideal gift. Price \$1, postpaid." A picture of the pearl cross with an aura of the silver chain about it was added, as proof. The motorman had the car plunging along again, and in the leisure of driving he turned to me. "Whadaya think?" he asked. "Now don't tell me they ain't pearls and it ain't silver. I'll tell you they can't sell two and a half pearls for a cent. What I wanna know is it lucky? I'd give a buck any day for a little bit of luck. Whadaya say?" The question was clearly beyond my competence. "I haven't any statistics," I told him, "so I can't say. I've never heard of any luck coming to anyone from it because I've never heard of it before." He was disappointed. "I wanna tell you. I'm disappointed. I gotta little girl. She's always getting the measles or something. Thought it mighta brought her some luck. I'll tell you. I'll send a dollar for the pearls and silver chain."—Thus the Anchoret.

BEFORE signing off for the A. and for myself, let me draw attention to what one Holy Name Society did, in the way of Catholic activity, in February of this year. Under the direction of Father Thomas F. Keenan, C.S.S.R., the Holy Name men of Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish, in Brooklyn, N. Y., organized to have 50,000 letters of protest sent to the Senate Judiciary Committee in Washington at the time the Hatfield or Birth Control bill was under hearing. The fact that the bill meant class legislation was insisted upon. Such action did not go without any noticeable results.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

Spring's Dramatic Blooms

ELIZABETH JORDAN

SPRING has laid on the shrine of art a bunch of reasonably fresh dramatic flowers, with a few withered sprays among them. The outstanding feature of the bunch, a hollyhock, is Maxwell Anderson's "Both Your Houses," produced by the Theater Guild at the Royale Theater.

Mr. Anderson's offering is a sturdy plant, as it should be, coming from that mentally sturdy playwright. He is not at all disturbed by the fact that his flower is a common one in the theatrical garden. He has forced it in his mental hot house and has made it a fine and outstanding bloom. Which for some reason reminds me of a question asked me this spring at the New York Flower Show. I am no garden expert myself, though only last year I delivered before a large garden club and with some success, if I do say it, a helpful little talk on "How to Tell the Trees from the Flowers." But I did know the name of the particular blossoms I happened to be gazing at when a young girl and her young man stopped beside me at the Flower Show.

"Do you know," the girl asked me in a puzzled tone, "the name of these flowers?"

"They're azaleas," I said, proud of my knowledge. The girl drew a long quivering breath of rapture.

"Oh, George," she cried, "they're azaleas!"

They were. And Mr. Anderson's play is a hollyhock. And having proved my identification of both plants I will now hastily drop my floral figures, which I only brought up anyway because this is Spring.

Looking at Mr. Anderson's play, then, with the cold dispassionate eye of criticism, I see "Both Your Houses" as a new and robust representation of an old theme. It is also a timely presentation; for up till the past two months, when any of us have lacked any other subject for discussion, we have fallen upon the House and the Senate at Washington and roundly abused them. Mr. Anderson's play shows us how feeble these past efforts of ours have been. He says in it all we have ever said or wanted to say and goes us a hundred better. It is the irony of fate that when he has thus supplied us with this new verbal ammunition to shoot off at teas and dinners, both House and Senate are acting so well that we cannot use it.

For the time being, too, this condition must make Mr. Anderson feel somewhat foiled. But he has written a fine and interesting play, and of course there is a chance that after the present honeymoon between both our Houses and the President the pork barrel may again raise its head. At present, in the words of the song, it is "Only a Memory." In the meantime see the play. Aside from its political revelations no Spring flower was ever more fresh and wholesome, and there is an incidental love story which may interest the young.

Under the direction of Arch Selwyn, Tallulah Bank-

head is with us, at the Times Square Theater, in a play called "Forsaking All Others." Miss Bankhead is the daughter of a Senator, so the review of her play is the natural step after the review of Mr. Anderson's. Unfortunately, I had to pay for my seat at this play, and no experience is more corroding than this to a critic's judgment. One is thinking of one's three dollars and thirty cents during the star's best scenes, and how can one bring to bear one's calm, ripe, critical judgment under such conditions? Miss Dalrymple, press representative of "Forsaking All Others," may answer this question at her convenience. In the meantime I will mention my first conclusion about the play, which is that it is well named. In it, practically everybody forsakes everybody else. The bride is at the altar for a noon wedding, in the first act, when the bridegroom forsakes her by not showing up at all. He is marrying another woman at the moment. He calls on the deserted bride that same afternoon, however, and I can prove by Emily Post and other authorities on etiquette that this was a social *faux pas*. Forsaking bridegrooms do not call on the forsaken bride-to-be after they have failed to grace the wedding service. They crawl into the nearest sewer and let themselves be swept out to sea with the other refuse. But this bridegroom calls, forsaking the girl he had just married, and thus further justifying the play's title. He then goes to Mexico, gets a divorce and returns to ask the first girl to marry him, promising not to leave her flat this time. She accepts him with three rousing cheers, but subsequently thinks better of it and forsakes him, in favor of another gentleman friend who has Loved Her All the Time.

It was at this point that my thoughts of my three dollars and thirty cents became so pervasive that my attention wandered from the characters on the stage. Miss Bankhead or Miss Dalrymple really ought to send me a check. If either of them does it, I'll give the money to Catholic Charities!

"Run, Little Chillun," is a new Negro folk drama, written by Hall Johnson, produced by Robert Rockmore at the Lyric Theater, and enthusiastically acclaimed by many of our intelligentsia. It contains four scenes, two of which are pictorially superb and emotionally highly exciting. I didn't grasp just what the little children were supposed to run from, but probably it was from the first of these scenes, a moonlight dance in the woods, in which the half-hundred colored participants lent themselves to a frenzy of emotion which the audience joined to the surprising degree of trying to interrupt the action by applause. But they could not interrupt that action. It is said that the company of "Run, Little Chillun" rehearsed eight months, but they're still as fresh as paint and they would dance the entire scene over, merely for the love of it, if time permitted. The second "big scene," a revival, is equally exciting in a different way. It is also amazingly realistic. I have seen very similar scenes in the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee. The Negro music throughout the performance is truly magnificent.

Self-sacrifice is going out. It is shown going on its way in several of our current plays, notably in the new Irish comedy, "Far Away Horses," written by Michael Birmingham and Gilbert Emory, and produced by Sidney Herman and James R. Ulman at the Martin Beck Theater. Personally, I liked this play. It had a fine, hearty tone, some thoroughly likable and recognizable Irish types, and a lot of human interest. I am afraid that for me the highest moment in the drama was that in which Grandma stamped on her new bonnet and then went out with blood in her eye to interview the neighbor who had slandered her. But there were moments more appealing to the higher nature, including the one when the mother of the play, who had gone to Ireland to collect a legacy vitally necessary to her and her family, came home roaring with laughter over the fact that she had not been left that legacy. Also there is a young boy in the play, Bernie Neary, whose diction is the best on our stage this month and who is going to be one of our leading juveniles in a very few years. I was somewhat tried by the self-sacrificing heroine's willingness to be stepped upon by every one, and by her collapse at the end under the cumulative weight of the family pressure; yet, given all the conditions, I am not prepared to say what else she could have done.

"The Party's Over" is another play about self-sacrifice, written by Daniel Kusell and produced at the Vanderbilt Theater. This time the put-upon member of the family is the elder son, Bruce Blakely, who is supporting his father, mother, brother and sister, though all but the mother are well able to earn their own living. Instead, both sister and younger brother marry and bring their mates home to be also supported by brother Bruce. Their egotism reaches a degree rather incredible even in this day of youthful selfishness. When Bruce goes down in the general business collapse, all the others think about is the effect his failure will have on them. So the worm finally turns. He provides for his mother, orders the others to get out and go to work, and he himself marries the woman who is willing to help him build up another business and a new life.

The best moment in the play is the one in which the idlers are confronted by the necessity of going to work. But the comedy is interesting throughout and the finest work in it is the beautiful acting of Effie Shannon as the mother and of Peggy Conklin as the flapper sister, who is so anxious to be married that she does most of the wooing. Miss Conklin, like young Neary, will see her name in electric lights some day.

I have recently told you what I think about Miss Le Gallienne's production of "Alice in Wonderland" at the New Amsterdam Theater. It is still on three nights a week, and you will be sorry if you miss it. Between times Miss Le Gallienne is reviving Tchekov's "Cherry Orchard," with Madame Nazimova in the leading role. A superb performance, and such a perfect presentation of the decline in fortune which we are all experiencing at this crisis that one watches it through tears of self-pity!

REVIEWS

Social Pathology. By JOHN LEWIS GILLIN, PH.D. New York: The Century Company. \$3.75.

Dr. Gillin is quite right when he contends that social pathology must not be dissociated from social theory, because they are actually joined in life. The study of social problems is of vast importance today. We have libraries of social theory, and some of them are just so much social rubbish. Dr. Gillin's book is, in the main, very good. It is replete with erudition and equipped with numerous statistical tables; for these reasons it serves as a ready reference at the elbow of a busy professor. The author treats of the pathology of the individual, of domestic and economic relationships, of social organization and cultural relations, such as religion, morals, and crime. He describes their nature and discusses the methods suggested for their cure. He is clear and to the point. Unfortunately this pathology, like so many others, is based on the shoddy theory of biological evolution and the long-discredited natural selection of Darwin. In essentials man's nature was adjusted centuries ago by his Maker. He departed from the right path and needs adjustment only by returning to it. Dr. Gillin is guilty of another gross and common error in sociology, which is a logical sequence of the first. He contends that society establishes all standards of conduct in all social situations. Hence, he maintains that conduct must be socially approved to be valid. But society has no right to make changes in the natural law. It is the law of right reason and admits of no changes. Society can only be an arbiter in conduct which is neither right nor wrong intrinsically. Want of sharp discrimination in this matter is at the root of an error prevalent in many sociological books and treatises. In a book of such pretensions, it is also surprising to discover confused and erroneous views on the teachings of the Catholic Church in the matter of marriage and divorce. The professor seems never to have explored the vast field of the most powerful force for social betterment that has existed for well-nigh 2,000 years, namely, the Catholic Church. Questions and exercises and readings close each chapter and enhance it; but I find no Catholic books listed. The author does not admit the existence of a supreme being or a life beyond the grave: this accounts for almost all his errors.

P. H. B.

The Life of Richard Wagner. Vol. I: 1813-1848. By ERNEST NEWMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

This splendid work, to be completed in three volumes, shows what can be done in biographical writing when a master artist attempts the task. The author's previous writings on musical subjects and artists have proved his right to speak authoritatively in this, his masterpiece. And speak authoritatively he does. His justification for this new life of Wagner is the claim "that as yet no satisfactory life of him exists. During the last twenty, and still more the last ten or even the last five years, so much new and vital first-hand matter has come to light that one's old conception of the story has had to be modified at a hundred points." The present volume tells the story of Wagner's life from birth (May 22, 1813) down to the crisis in his artistic, and more especially his financial, vagaries in the summer of 1848. Wilhelm Richard was the ninth and last child born to Carl Friedrich Wagner and his wife, Johanna Rosine Poetz. He was no infant prodigy. Up to his twentieth year, he gave no impression that he had a special gift that would carry him to distinction in any sphere of life or of art. He had a strongly erotic side to him, and this side was fostered by the lax theatrical life into which he was flung from childhood. Already as a student at Leipzig, it was Wagner's ambition to be not only a poet, but a composer. Before the summer of 1829, his days of formal education were already over. He went to various music masters, but he was an impatient student, full of disgust for the dry bones of music. In 1836, after a hectic courtship, he married Christine Wilhemme Planer, an actress of some ability. It was an ill-mated match. Wagner's career in Magdeburg, as in practically every other

town with which he was associated for any length of time, ended in disaster, reaching a climax in his foolishly attempted conquest of Paris. The world of music was not yet prepared for the dawning of his genius. When in February, 1843, he was appointed Royal Kapellmeister at Dresden and success began to smile on him, his ambition was already set on higher things than the operatic conditions of Germany at that time could ever hope to offer him. And so, facing a crisis in his artistic career, and heavily laden with debt, this first volume leaves him in Dresden in the summer of 1848. The volume is beautifully printed and published. An index of thirty-three pages makes reference work a joy.

W. M. S.

Hunting Big Game in the Eighties. Edited by ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

This collection of the letters of Elliott Roosevelt, brother of a President and father of the present First Lady, has something more of value than the Roosevelt name and the description of hunting conditions in Florida, Texas, and India, in the 'seventies and 'eighties. We have here human documents, unsophisticated and honestly written for their readers, and with no thought of posterity. They further exemplify that extraordinary Roosevelt family unity and affection that was first revealed to us in Theodore Roosevelt's letters to his children—a unity and affection that are not often to be found in the American home. Some of the hunting recorded has the interest of perilous adventure, but most of the letters will hold the reader because of the human rather than of the dramatic element.

J. M. P.

Candelabra. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The bright light of a critical intellect, deliberating on the variegated problems of life, has always characterized the lucid prose of John Galsworthy. "Candelabra," a collection of selected essays and addresses, proves itself to be no exception to the above statement. Herein Mr. Galsworthy states anew his philosophy of literature and his criteria of literary criticism in so far as they correlate his theories of literary craftsmanship. As, indeed, the appreciative reading world knows, the late winner of the Nobel Prize was truly an artist cognizant of the ideals and requirements of his calling. From the epic "Forsyte Saga," through his plays, short stories, and essays, one may note that Newman-like finesse and technique of expression. In "Candelabra" we find the mature Galsworthy in a speculative and reminiscent mood musing on "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama," "Meditation on Finality," "Vague Thoughts on Arts," "Faith of a Novelist," and "Literature and Life." In the two papers, "Six Novelists in Profile" and "Four More Novelists in Profile," Galsworthy, the astute critic, is at his best in well-written critiques of Tolstoi and Turgenev, Anatole France and Guy de Maupassant, Dickens, Stevenson, and Conrad. Contemporary literature, much of which is chaotic and formless, will miss the influence of the mellow prose of John Galsworthy, permeated as it is with definite ethical and critical standards.

E. J. C.

The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. By RT. REV. MSGR. HORACE K. MANN, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$5.00 per volume.

Here are the sixteenth and the eighteenth volumes of the series. The seventeenth volume appeared earlier and was reviewed in the March 12, 1932, issue of AMERICA. During the eleven years (1276-1287) covered by the sixteenth volume no less than six Pontiffs reigned, the most active of whom, due to his four years of sovereignty, was Martin IV. It was during this pontificate that the tragic event known to history as the "Sicilian Vespers" occurred; the event which practically ended the Crusade movement, for henceforth the Crusade money was diverted by pontifical authority to fruitless efforts to repress warlike strifes among the Christian princes of Western Europe. This policy with its many

attendant evils only laid the foundation for the gigantic struggle between Boniface VIII and Philip the Fair of France. Practically the entire eighteenth volume is devoted to this struggle and the immediate causes leading up to it, and the religious and political ramifications in other nations attendant upon and affected by it. The story of these years (1294-1304) is far from edifying. The severity of Boniface VIII, however, is relieved by the temperate mercy of his immediate successor, Benedict XI, whose short reign (1303-1304) did much to restore the Church's characteristic motherly compassion toward its erring children rather than to emphasize its prerogative of ruling by stern authority. The sixteenth volume, unfinished at the time of Msgr. Mann's death, was completed by the Professor of Church History in the University of Vienna, Johannes Hollnsteiner, Ph.D., D.D. The careful preparation and scholarly labor devoted to previous volumes is equally evident in these latest productions. Abundant and authoritative sources are quoted and a good index is found at the end of each volume.

M. J. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

God's Heroes.—"With Hearts Courageous" (Liveright, \$2.50), by Edna Kenton, in a manner planned to recommend itself to children, tells the story of the heroic Jesuit missionaries of North America. But older people, too, will be fascinated by the thrilling account of these missionaries among whom the recently canonized Jesuit martyrs of North America and Father Marquette, explorer of the Mississippi, figure prominently. The book is based on letters from the "Jesuit Relations" themselves; and many interesting illustrations clarify the Indian customs described in the text. Catholics, however, might wish that the spiritual side of the missionaries' great adventure were more in evidence: after all it is that side which was the main reason for their activities and the source of their strength in the midst of them.

An interesting volume, "Father Olier: Founder of St. Sulpice" (Voice Publishing Company, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore), by the Very Rev. Pierre Pourrat, and translated by the Rev. W. S. Reilly, S.S., successfully fulfills the purpose its author had in mind, viz., to supply a short account of the activities of Father Olier. Father Pourrat, the author, has been fortunate in finding for his French work such a happy translator as Father Reilly shows himself to be in this very readable account of the holy and zealous founder of St. Sulpice. The volume is attractively printed and published.

One will find delight in "A Little Sister Missionary" (Benziger, \$1.75) by her Benedictine Sister, and translated from the French by Ida Mary Smalley. It tells the life story of Sister Marie Mercedes of the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. This congregation of remarkable women devote themselves to visiting and caring for the sick poor in their homes. The whole book is a story of purest love and unbounded generosity for Jesus Christ. After reading it, one can appreciate the beautiful and noble tribute Cardinal Hayes pays the Congregation in a foreword, and the singularly beautiful picture of Sister Marie Mercedes presented in the preface by the Archbishop of Avignon. It is a book to buy and meditate upon in these days.

Keeping Young.—"Sweeping the Cobwebs" (Macmillan, \$1.50) is an invaluable aid to all adults, especially to those who feel age creeping upon them. The authors, Lillian J. Martin and Clare de Gruchy (Dr. Martin is still a consulting psychologist at the age of eighty), well known as the authors of "Salvaging Old Age," have in their new study set forth in an interesting manner rules and suggestions for a happy and healthy old age. With kindly understanding they prescribe measures and sensibly suggest remedies for the handicaps of those who have become weary of life. Here is a complete analysis of physical and mental health straightforwardly presented for the benefit of those who have lost the vigor of youth. If age is getting the better of you, read this refreshing book; it will serve as a tonic to all your ills.

Biography.—In "The Making of Nicholas Longworth" (Long and Smith, \$3.00), we have a portrait of the late Speaker by his sister Clara Longworth, now the Comtesse de Chambrun. Part I, which takes up one-third of the book, deals with the "ancient history" of the Longworth family and the city of Cincinnati. There are some interesting bits for the student of our social history. Part II begins with "Nick's" birth and carries him through not only his public career but his whole life in detail. There is a wealth and intimacy of such detail as only a fond sister could command, not all of it important or significant but for which ardent admirers and future historians will be grateful.

In "Coolidge Wit and Wisdom" (Stokes, \$1.00), we have "125 short stories about Cal" that embody the belief, the practice, and the statesmanship of our late lamented ex-President, Calvin Coolidge, compiled by his friend and intimate associate, John Hiram McKee. These stories deserve our attention, and many of their precepts invite imitation. The humor, even mirth of most of them, does not detract from their seriousness.

Carl Van Doren enthusiastically pays homage to his literary hero in "Sinclair Lewis: A Biographical Sketch" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), a book of 205 pages, nearly two-thirds of which are devoted to a bibliography of Lewis' writings. The work is hardly a biographical sketch—rather does it appear to be a critical dissertation upon Lewis as a man and a craftsman, wherein Lewis is exalted at the expense of his greatest American contemporaries. However, Mr. Van Doren has brought together in convenient form perhaps the first bibliography of everything Sinclair Lewis has written.

Shane Leslie's writings are never dull. In "Studies in Sublime Failure" (Scribner's, \$3.75), he offers brief biographical sketches of Cardinal Newman, Charles Stewart Parnell, Coventry Patmore, Lord Curzon, Moreton Frewen. In each he stresses the limitations of temperament and of external circumstances which thwarted each man's ambitions, hopes, or projects. The studies are crisply written: often with much gossip but significant detail. They are not at all of the rather silly modern type of "debunking" biographies; but combine the admirable qualities of being at once sympathetic and skilfully objective. There are occasional curious lapses. One of those lapses (which goes to show that even an ex-editor of the *Dublin Review* should hold fast to his penny catechism) is the statement twice repeated (on pages 154 and 160) that "the Church made human marriage a Sacrament." Macaulay's "any schoolboy" would know that Our Lord instituted all the sacraments. But no doubt those are merely slips. The book is of real value as adding an original contribution to our knowledge of five men, three at least of whom are historically important.

Spanish Books.—The name of Father C. M. de Heredia, S.J., is best known in the United States as that of the shrewd exponent of spiritualistic frauds. But he is equally skilled in pulling the veil aside from the truth, and revealing the mysteries of the prayer of petition. With astonishing originality and a wealth of entertaining illustration, Father de Heredia discusses this practical subject in modern form, in his "Una Fuente de Energia" (Mexico, D. F. Luis Flores Gonzalez, \$2.50, postage extra, 25 cents). What prayers are heard; what prayers are not heard, and why, and how, and when; and what is up to *you*—and how Don Cottolengo handled it: read about it in these lively pages.

The first volume in Spanish of the Catholic University of America Romance Language Series, under the general editorship of Dr. David Rubio, Professor of Spanish Literature in the university, is a collection of anecdotes and *cuentos breves*, edited by Dr. Rubio and Professor Henri C. Néel of Temple University, under the title "Spanish Wit and Humor" (Prentice-Hall, \$1.00). The material is fresh and genuinely Spanish, the illustrations are exceptionally good, and the vocabulary of some 3,000 words seems quite complete. There are very brief footnotes of a grammatical type and six pages of Spanish questions upon the

text. The material has an antique flavor that makes it rather difficult reading at times, and the editing has not erred on the side of excess. Third-year high-school or second-year college classes should find this text of value.

Third Orders.—"Rome Hath Spoken" (Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 West Fifty-first Street, Chicago, 75 cents) is a brochure containing six Papal pronouncements on the Third Order Secular of St. Francis, beginning with the encyclical "Auspicato" of Pope Leo XIII.—"Heart O' the Rule" from the same publishers, by Father Marion Habig, O.F.M. (15 cents), is a commentary on the Rule of St. Francis in primer form for novices, consisting of twelve chapters which may be used for instruction at the monthly meeting during the twelve months of noviceship.—"The Perfect Christian" (Gill, Dublin), by Father Canice, O.M.Cap., tells what the Third Order is and what it has to offer.—Also, "The Third Order of Saint Dominic, Its Rule with Helpful Comments on Its Spirit" (10 cents), and "The Third Order of Saint Dominic" (5 cents), by C. F. Christmas, O.P., both from Tertiary Headquarters, 141 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York.

Pamphlets.—From the Queen's Work Press we have "The Man We Can't Ignore" by the Rev. Herbert O'H. Walker, S.J., also, "Hours Off" and "God and the Depression," both by the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (each 10 cents).—The Paulist Press offers "Prayers for the Dead" and "Prayers to the Little Flower" (each 5 cents), by Francis P. Broome, C.S.P.—On lay retreats we have "Why Make a Retreat" (Spring Hill College, Spring Hill, Ala.), by the Rev. Edgar J. Bernard, S.J., and "A Retreat?" (Capuchin Fathers, St. Fidelis Seminary, Herman, Pa.) by Father Victor Green, O.M.Cap.—"Aunt Helen's Letters to Little First Communicants" (Our Sunday Visitor Press, 10 cents), by Mrs. M. A. Springer, will inspire the little ones; "The Sacrifice of the Mass" (Gill, 2d), by the Most Rev. M. Sheehan, D.D., and "Mass Serving" (Text Book Publishing Company, San Francisco, 35 cents), by the Rev. Peter C. Yorke, S.T.D., a booklet for the training of altar boys for the serving of Low and High Mass, contain much useful liturgical information.—"Outline for the Study of the Missal" (Maryhurst Normal Press, Kirkwood, Mo. 10 cents), by Lawrence J. Gonner, S.M., is a guide in using the Missal as a classroom text, and is based on the St. Andrew Missal.—From the Catholic Truth Society of India, Trichinopoly, H.O., come "Catholic Church History: India and Ceylon: A.D. 50 to 1930" by the Rev. J. C. Houpert, S.J., and "Prayer for India and the Missions."—The Social Action Department of the N. C. W. C., Washington, D. C., gives us "Christian Marriage and the Family." This booklet contains a group of articles reprinted from *Catholic Action*.—"The Problems of a Mixed Marriage" (Benziger, 10 cents), by the V. Rev. Msgr. J. B. McDonald, V.F., is an exposition of Catholic teaching on mixed marriage.—"I Go to Confession" (Benziger, 20 cents), by Sister M. Alphonsus, O.S.U., is a little booklet for young children containing instructions on the Sacrament of Penance.—"Devotions to St. Albert the Great for Students" (compiled by the Dominican Theological Students, Somerset, Ohio, 5 cents) offers spiritual aid in seeking divine light as a necessary means of acquiring truth.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

- ART OF LIVING WITH GOD, THE. Most Rev. Joseph F. Busch, D.D. \$1.50. Benziger.
 CIRCULAR LETTERS OF REDEMPTORIST GENERALS. \$2.00. Bruce.
 JUNIOR OUTLINE OF HISTORY, THE. I. O. Evans. \$2.00. Appleton.
 MONTH OF THE HOLY GHOST. Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B. \$2.25. Herder.
 IN SCARLET AND PLAIN CLOTHES. T. Morris Longstreth. \$1.75. Macmillan.
 ONE HOUR. Mother Mary Philip. \$1.25. Kenedy.
 PREFACE TO POETRY. Theodore Maynard. \$2.75. Century.
 SERMONS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Rev. Thomas P. Phelan. \$2.50. Kenedy.
 SEVEN LAST WORDS, THE. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. \$1.00. Century.
 SEVEN PSYCHOLOGIES. Edna Heidbreder. \$3.00. Century.

MOTHER AND FOUR. THE EEL PIE MURDERS. MURDER AT SUNSET GABLES. UNION SQUARE. THE RASH ACT. THE FLETCHER OMNIBUS.

"Mother and Four" (Coward-McCann, \$2.00) is the delightful first novel of Isabel Wilder, sister of the author of "Cabala" and the better-known "Bridge of San Luis Rey." It is pleasing to note that Thornton's cabalistic and misty characterization is not a family trait. For Miss Wilder's characters are such real people that the reader is drawn quickly to take a lively and sympathetic interest in all the successes and failures interwoven in their simple lives. The story introduces us to Laura Derwent on the night after the burial of her husband, and the success with which their mother guides her four children through the troublesome years of childhood and youth shows her to be a capable, industrious, and virtuous woman. The tale ends with the apparently happy marriage of the youngest child, the only girl in the family. In a fictional season so full of gangsters, crooked politicians, and bawdy playboys, it is refreshing to meet a family as wholesome as the Derwents.

David Frome, well known as the author of that popular detective story, "The Man from Scotland Yard," has again shown his cleverness in his new book, "The Eel Pie Murders" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.00). The finding of the murdered body of an attractive young matron on the shore of Eel Pie Island in the Thames is the opening wedge in a series of baffling incidents which puzzle even the Scotland Yard officials. Suspicion runs rife and a possible motive is conceived for each of a group of suspects when another murder occurs to complicate matters. Through the efforts of Inspector Bull and his able assistant, Mr. Pinkerton, the mystery is solved. You will enjoy this perplexing story with its rich English background and Scotland Yard flavor.

Here is a delightful detective story, "Murder at Sunset Gables" (Benziger, \$2.00), by Dean Heffernan, which has a rapid-moving, well-developed plot whose solution keeps one puzzled to the very end. The main thread of the story hinges upon the hunt for the murderer of crusty old Captain Duane, a misanthrope whose one interest in life was naval affairs. Members of his household, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Duane, and her grown children Cicely and Will, Noel Winslow, Duane's secretary (who tells the story), and the servants, are all under suspicion. Accusation shifts its finger from one to another until the climax is reached. This is not the blood-and-thunder type of story but an intriguing mystery.

"Union Square" (Viking, \$2.50), by Albert Halper, is "a New York novel by a new American novelist." It discloses in a blinding glare the lives of those whose activities are habitually displayed within the precincts of the Square graced by the statues of Washington, Lafayette, and Lincoln. The narrative is true to life, vivid, unabashed, and vibrant. It is told with a detachment and objectivity that fascinate the reader and rouse him to think seriously of ways and means of helping the poor, the ignorant, the indigent! Few of the characters depicted are really vicious; most of them are merely hopelessly defeated; despairingly fighting against overwhelming depression.

Ford Madox Ford may not be one of the great names of modern literature, but if the cloacal mentality still remains as the badge of courage, he most certainly stands in the foreground as one of the filthiest old boys of the naughty generation of the first quarter-century. "The Rash Act" (Long and Smith, \$2.50) is his latest wallow in the slime of sex perversion and Freudian psychosis. The story is written in the conventional stream-of-consciousness technique without any of the subtle analyses which sometimes rescue some of the better authors from utter banality.

"The Fletcher Omnibus" (Knopf, \$2.50) is a collection of five book-length mystery stories, written by J. S. Fletcher, all of which were first printed during the five-year period from 1922 to 1927. Not one of the stories is of an exceptional nature, nor of great consequence. It does seem as though the publishers, or the author, could have made a much better selection from the forty-seven Fletcher titles which are listed in this volume.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Design for Editing

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Surely you are aware of the insignificance of several forms of collegiate make-believe; and therefore you should have suspected a colored gentleman in the woodpile of each of the college journals which you so elaborately chided in your editorial note in the issue of AMERICA for April 8. Students must have their sophomoric attempts at ridicule and scorn and even flippancies. Alas, their efforts may be mis-applied. Thus the *Nation* mistook some playful statistics from a young man of Manhattan College; and then AMERICA featured the *Nation* in this to the nation. But when the Manhattan statistics were set right it was found that not one student had read the hodge-podge about Ann Vickers. Surely AMERICA knows that no group of students at that institution are apt to go awry in thought or taste upon literary values; knows also that the discussions in debating circles, the conferences in the sodalities, and the estimates in journalistic purlieus are true to great principles and traditions, principles and traditions so efficiently fostered and transmitted by Brother Azarias.

And what shall I say about the episode at Holy Cross? A distinguished lecturer came for a program in the extra-curriculum lectures, addressed a crowded assembly on a drama of Shakespeare; and in the evening to a group in the lounge of the library he gave his excellent summarizations of current dramas, excoriating, among others, the play called "Design for Living." Subsequently, at a meeting of one of the literary societies a senior read a paper; it was in no true sense "a lecture," as you were pleased to dignify it. Well, for the sake of argument he took the opposite side to the excellent animadversions of Miss Jordan and Dr. Paulding. A busy journalist rushed the paper to one of the college journals. Who will tell the world of your readers of a little scene that followed in a kindly dean's office? If the senior had tears to shed, it was not because the silly paper got into print, but that a student who had a training in letters and philosophy and in religion should have so egregiously blundered in an analysis of a play, whose lack of art would offend Tin-Pan Alley, and whose ethics would have shocked the *demi-mondaines* of the Rue Rogue-Gallery. You will be glad to add this note upon the curative values that followed, correcting a sleeping Homer, and edifying a good senior.

Worcester, Mass.

REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

What's a Bad Play?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is difficult to pass over the letter of your correspondent from Suffern, N. Y., without comment. You yourself stated precisely and clearly, as is your habit, just what is meant by an immoral play, but W. A. L. labels this "theoretical" and sweeps it aside as impractical. He seeks practical leadership. He wants to know what plays are "good going for everybody, even for young girls who usually do not go to the theater alone." A rather large order, is it not? The difficulty with W. A. L. is that he fails to define terms. How young are these girls and for what ages precisely does he think plays should be written and produced (and would he allow the attendance of young boys)? Surely even W. A. L. is not naive enough to contend that the theater should produce plays suitable alike both for children and adults.

He concludes: "We expect from AMERICA a well-measured direction which a Catholic with a normal conscience may follow without scruple." To the majority of readers that is what is re-

ceived from AMERICA, but surely W. A. L. could not prove that his conscience is a normal one even in the theoretical sense of the term when he scruples about plays that measure up to the standards of moral theater but whose characters display traits and tendencies that are human and therefore not one-hundred per cent without stain or blemish. Furthermore, what does he demand of a play? He quarrels with the idea even of a moral as long as the steps leading up to that moral are at all earthly. He mentions violations only of the Sixth Commandment. What of the other nine? Could he without scruple attend a performance of "Hamlet" or "Othello," a dramatization of "Paradise Lost" or the "Divine Comedy"? If so, on what grounds? Surely a transgression of one Commandment is as serious as that of another. But let us not be unheeding to the request for practical direction. May I suggest a short list of works which on the thesis of W. A. L. must be avoided (by him only, of course)? Have him run from Shakespeare. Have him avoid the Greeks. Have him eschew the Irish playwrights and players. Prohibit the opera and, last he be tempted to see the Passion Play in any of its versions this Lent, point out to him, that the very theme of this drama concerns itself with the greatest sins of mankind and their toll.

Why not invite W. A. L. to leave Suffern to meet your Father Talbot, who I am sure could set him straight (and who, incidentally, should write a long article on this very subject) and who could in short order cast out the obsession of W. A. L. so that he might view some play in New York other than "Alice in Wonderland" and be able to distinguish between immorality occurring in accidentals and immortality condoned in essence.

New York.

M. N. D.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for February 25 Miss Elizabeth Jordan seemed to apologize for her review of "Design for Living." I don't think an apology was necessary. If more of our Catholic magazines would give reviews of the leading New York plays, good or bad, those reviews could not help but fill the reader with disgust for the play if he came upon one like "Design for Living."

Sioux Falls.

JOSEPHINE SALYLE.

Unemployment Insurance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for February 25 Gerhard Hirschfeld makes a vicious attack on unemployment insurance without vigor and breastplate. This lays him open unnecessarily to a counter attack. Now, the writer of the column "Back of Business" has given us good and interesting information on business and banking in the past, but the particular column to which I refer seems not to be free itself from error and fallacy. For example, Mr. Hirschfeld writes that unemployment insurance can work in normal times and that at such times there are "some five or six million people without a job." He calls this normal unemployment "insignificant" and then "the worker can afford to pay his contribution to the fund . . . but there is no need for it." Now, I find no authority that puts the unemployment rate that high in normal times. Our unemployment and the consequent depression is not so bad after all if it has only doubled. Paul H. Douglas, the leading research authority, puts it from one to three millions. Besides, do six millions unemployed not need help and are they in any condition to pay? Moreover, according to insurance systems, they are never called upon to pay when they become the beneficiaries of the system. And again, I know no authority that insists on a one-third ratio for the workers. The A. F. L. does not want him to contribute at all. In any case, the State and the employers are expected to contribute more than the workers. Mr. Hirschfeld writes that unemployment insurance is a thoroughly unsound measure and that a mere look at the three supporting groups reveals the fallacy. The author of "Back of Business" must have very sharp and discriminating eyes, since the vast majority of learned economists and sociologists, not to say all, advocate insurance and in doing so fail to recognize the

fallacy. This method of relief is growing by leaps and bounds. The subject is not so simple as Mr. Hirschfeld sketches it. The sooner this is recognized the better. For twenty years, says Mr. Hirschfeld, Great Britain and Germany have tested and used unemployment insurance (quite a long time to try, by the way); but looking at the system today, I would say that he is by no means justified in calling it bankrupt, nor does he show that the depleted treasury of these countries is due exclusively to the payment of insurance. Mr. Hirschfeld seems to be unaware that this financial grant has staved off revolution in both countries. It is too bad that Mr. Hirschfeld attempts to steal this, the only bone, from the victims of the "yellow dog" contract and, in doing so, leaves them hungry and penniless. A thoroughly unsound business!

Philadelphia.

PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

Query Answered

To the Editor of AMERICA:

How do you reconcile your position on the soldiers' adjusted certificate payment and compensation with the position of Dr. John Ryan and Father Coughlin who are the outstanding champions of the rights of the common people in the U. S. A.?

Your Order knows or should know that one of the reasons you are so bitterly persecuted in countries where the radicals get in control is that in previous times all too often you were too close to the powerful and rich. So many of the graduates of your colleges and universities are more or less strangely inclined to worship position and power of the rich and to accept the idea of the divine right of position and money, completely ignoring the divine rights and the dignity of man, as evidenced by their actions and utterances.

San Francisco.

GERALD F. M. O'GRADY.

[Despite his acquaintance with "so many" Jesuit students, our correspondent displays complete unfamiliarity with this Review and its twenty-four-year battle for human rights. Mr. O'Grady is, unfortunately, not a subscriber. If he were, he would know that AMERICA opposes the soldiers' payments precisely because they are the demand of special group interests and, as such, are an encroachment upon the rights of the common people.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A Scrip-and-Stamp Plan

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It has been suggested that the Government issue twenty pieces of scrip money (one dollar each) to every adult in the United States. As the scrip has no value in itself when issued, it would not need any reserve back of it. On the back of this scrip would be printed that this scrip is legal tender for all debts in the United States except the payment of taxes. It is not legal, however, until, at each transfer from one person to another, there be placed a three- (or six-) cent stamp on the back thereof, a special, or a postage stamp.

This scrip would be blank on the back, except for forty (or twenty) squares, whereon would be pasted a three- (or six-) cent stamp at every transaction. When the fortieth (or twentieth) stamp is pasted on the back, it could be presented at the Government office, maybe the postoffice, in exchange for one-dollar greenback or one-dollar credit on savings account. The Government would thus make twenty cents on each scrip so used, and each person who received twenty of these would, at the expense of sixty cents, receive value to the amount of \$19.40. There might be scrip of a lesser value (fifty cents) requiring only twenty (or ten) stamps on the back redeemable at the office. This would allow the Government a gain of ten cents.

In case, for some reason, a person holding scrip money wished to redeem it before all the stamps had been placed, it might be redeemable by the Government at five-sixths of the value of the stamps actually attached. This provision would prevent complete loss. When the first issue would be exhausted, business might have so regained its normal state that there would be no need of a reissue.

No one could very well object to the high percentage paid the

Government, because in the first place they receive the use of the scrip for a small sum. If the great majority used faithfully this scrip money, the Government would net such a sum of money that no sales tax might be necessary.

Canton, Ohio.

REV. E. P. GRAHAM.

Back at Methuselah

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As one of the "deaf, dumb, and blind" Americans, may I voice my complete satisfaction with and approval of the brilliant editorial "Insulter Shaw" appearing in the issue of AMERICA for April 15? At last someone has put into kindly but measured words my own sentiments on Mr. Shaw—words which, in my humble opinion, might well have been printed some decades ago when Mr. Shaw first condescended to deliver his sensational and tiring *bons mots*.

New York.

M. A. B.

Parish-school Health Examinations

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There are many avenues of aid which are open to parish schools in large cities, and which are not now developed to their fullest extent. It would not take much agitation to secure daily visits to the parish schools by public-health doctors for physical examination of pupils. The success of this procedure in public schools has warranted the expense. Communicable diseases may be quickly discovered and prevented from spreading. The direct benefit to the child examined is obvious. The ultimate benefit to the community is not so often realized. Undernourished children are discovered and their parents notified. Heart ailments are found, deficiencies in eyes and ears are found which may affect the entire course of the child if not discovered early. Hundreds of other benefits accrue from the slight *per-capita* expense involved. The average big city public-health department could easily reorganize with its present force to cover the parish schools without charge. Or at best there would not be a large increase in personnel, the expense of which, spread out over the whole tax rate, would be very little.

In Boston, the percentage of undernourished children has increased this year to almost ten per cent of the public-school population. Probably this is the result of the unemployment situation. It is cheaper for us to make some provision now for the care of these children than to have the expense of hospital care later.

Spasmodic examination will not do. A regular inspection should be provided for the parish schools as well as the public schools. It is properly a charge of the public-health department and a necessity for our future welfare.

Boston.

WILLIAM ARTHUR REILLY.
Chairman, School Committee.

Religion in the Corps

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the past week the metropolitan newspapers have been reporting the large number of men who have enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps. These men, after a period of reconditioning at the various army camps, we read, will be the ones to carry out President Roosevelt's reforestation project.

Out of the thousands of men already enlisted, no doubt there will be a large number of Catholics. As a point of information I would like to know what the Church is doing to see that these Catholic men may continue the practice of their Faith. Is there a chaplain assigned to the various army camps? And when these men are sent to the different reforesting areas, what provisions has the Church made to enable them to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments?

New York.

JOHN DARBY.

[Authorities of each diocese in which the camps are situated are being asked by the National Council of Catholic Men to provide spiritual care for the workers.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Chronicle

Home News.—By ordering an embargo on all exports of gold except that earmarked for foreign countries, the President on April 19 took the United States off the international gold standard. This move was expected to raise commodity prices and to increase the chances of an agreement on a more stable monetary basis following the world economic conference, since the United States is now on an equal monetary footing with most of the other countries of the world. As a result of this action, the dollar on April 19 fell to a discount of eleven and a half per cent in terms of the gold-standard currencies of the world. The stock and commodity markets rose sharply, and United States Government bonds and other high-grade fixed-interest securities dropped. Notwithstanding its opposition to currency-inflation measures pending in the Senate, which was said to have caused the defeat on April 17 of the Wheeler amendment to remonetize silver at sixteen to one, the Administration was reported to be ready to seek authorization from Congress to dictate a policy of controlled inflation and even lower the gold content of the dollar, if it desired. Senator Thomas was chosen to introduce the Administration plan as an amendment to the pending farm-relief bill.

The President acted to relieve owners of small homes on April 13. In a special message to Congress, he urged quick passage of legislation for the protection from foreclosure of homes valued at \$10,000 or less; also to relieve the owners of a part of the heavy interest and principal payments which had been contracted in prosperous years. He proposed the establishment of a "Home Owners Loan Corporation," with \$2,000,000,000 at its disposal, to re-finance home mortgages at substantially reduced interest rates. On the same day the House passed, 387 to 12, the farm-mortgage refinancing bill, which was included in the farm bill being considered in the Senate. The Administration leaders had their first legislative setback on April 13, when the Senate passed by a vote of forty-seven to forty-one, over the protest of Senator Robinson and contrary to recommendations by Secretary Wallace, a resolution to incorporate in the farm-relief bill an authorization for the Secretary of Agriculture to fix agricultural prices on a "cost-of-production" basis.

The House passed, by a vote of 253 to 109, the Administration arms-embargo bill on April 17 and sent it to the Senate. The act allows the President to place an embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions when such shipment may encourage the use of force in a dispute between nations. The House Labor Committee planned to open hearings on April 24 on a bill drafted by Secretary Perkins at the Committee's request, giving the Secretary of Labor power to control industrial production, regulate the hours of labor of workmen, and prescribe fair wages. The House Banking Committee favorably reported the Wagner-Lewis \$500,000,000 relief bill on April 19, and immediate action by the House was expected.

The Economic Ambassadors.—With messages of abundant good will, high hopes, and fine weather, Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister, set sail on April 15 for the United States to confer with President Roosevelt in Washington preliminary to the proposed World Economic Conference later in the year. On April 17, Edouard Herriot, once Premier but now Mayor of Lyons, sailed from Havre to represent "the laborious people of France," not any political parties, on the same mission. Joint and separate conferences with the President were scheduled for both MacDonald and Herriot. The latter's mission was somewhat of a mystery, since it was patent that he did not think politically or internationally with M. Daladier, the present Premier, who chose and sent him. The new French Ambassador in Washington, however, André Lefèvre de Laboulaye, remarked on April 13 that France was friendly to the idea of low tariffs. The action taken by President Roosevelt on April 19 relative to the gold standard would, it was thought, present a somewhat less advantageous situation for Mr. MacDonald from a bargaining point of view. At any rate Mr. Roosevelt was quoted as maintaining that the international debts were but secondary to the general economic entanglement. In the meanwhile representatives of the other nine nations invited by the President to the conference were reported as on their way. Other nations were invited to take part in discussions. The Polish Government announced that they would align themselves in any discussion with the Little Entente, or agrarian bloc of Eastern European States.

British Engineers' Trial.—Among the many sensational features of the trial in Moscow of the six British engineers with their eleven Russian companions for economic espionage, wrecking, and bribery, the most sensational feature was the confession, on April 12, of one of the Britons, William L. MacDonald. He had previously confessed, then began apparently to take courage and recanted his previous statements. The court at this immediately adjourned, and MacDonald was placed again in charge of the OGPU (political police). When he next returned to court he confirmed in a low voice his previous confession, which specified W. L. Thornton, one of the accused, as having bribed him and of directing espionage and wrecking activities. The charges were flatly denied by Thornton, who also repudiated previous statements made by himself, as having been extorted, as in the case of the other victims, by terror. When asked "when his courage returned to him," he replied that it was at the moment when he was released from the OGPU prison. The British defense was also weakened by the admissions made by Allan Monkhouse, another of the accused, and his failure to follow up by specification his general statement that the trial was a "frame-up against the Metropolitan-Vickers company based on evidence by terrorized prisoners." The final upshot of the trial was the sentence pronounced by Judge Vassili Ulrich on April 18, which assigned the leading part in the breakdown of the electrical plants of Moscow, Zlatoust, Chelyabinsk, Ivanovo, Baku,

etc., to Thornton, who was given three years' prison sentence. MacDonald was given two years. Monkhouse, Nordwall, and Cushny were exiled for five years, Olyenik, for three years, and the woman, Anna Kutuzova, for one-and-a-half years. The Russian Ziebert and the Englishman Gregory were freed. The remaining eight Russians were given prison sentences varying from ten to two years. British Conservative comment was strongly condemnatory of the whole proceeding, as terroristic and contrary to civilized usage. Labor groups criticized what was thought to be a Government attempt to make political capital out of the case. World comment in general was inclined to look upon the trial as an elaborate protest by the Soviet Government to critics of their present industrial policy at home and abroad that too precise an inquiry into the exact workings of their present plan would be resented as economic espionage.

British Embargo.—Nine hours after the sentence was passed, the King signed a proclamation whereby eighty per cent of imports from the Soviet Union would be forbidden entry into Great Britain. The proclamation was a result of the enabling act recently passed by Parliament in preparation for the outcome of the trial. The trade treaty with the Soviets expired on April 16; the embargo became effective on April 26, and dealt with the principal importations—petroleum, timber, raw cotton, grain. While the intention of the Government in placing the embargo seemed to be that of enforcing it strictly, it was suspected that a lightening of its effect would be made if the Soviet authorities changed the sentence on the two Britons from imprisonment to exile. The fact that the application of the embargo was put off for a week after the signing of the proclamation was interpreted to mean that shipments in transit would not be affected; but also, that the Soviet authorities would be given an opportunity to modify the sentence. During 1932, the total of Soviet imports into Great Britain was £19,679,013, whereas the British imports into Russia amounted to £9,274,534.

Hitler Celebration.—On April 20, all Germany joined in a national fête to celebrate Adolf Hitler's forty-fourth birthday. All the cities were brilliantly decorated, with the new Reich flag in evidence everywhere. President Von Hindenburg sent messages of congratulation, indicating complete confidence in his Chancellor. Military parades, eulogistic broadcasts, athletic games and music and entertainment of every kind, were crowded into a gala program. The Chancellor announced that he would soon outline his four-year economic and social plan by which he hoped to save the farmer and eliminate unemployment. There was no indication of a change of policy towards the Jews who were being removed from professorships and all civil service positions.

Nationalism Supreme.—The guiding principle in all Nazi activity was the establishment of Aryan supremacy. While this was supposed to mean pure and unadulterated German blood, it has in practice been interpreted to mean

only Nazis and Nationalists. Consequently every element not capable of perfect alignment with the Nazi enthusiasm for an exclusive German culture was being ruthlessly eliminated. This was the basis of the drive against the international Jew and the restrictions placed upon the better type of German Jew. According to the *New York Times*, the Freemasonry of Germany through the national Masonic mother lodge—the Three Globes—announced that it would be reformed on a strictly national and Christian basis. The new organization will be known as the National Christian Order of Frederick the Great, and the changes were being made to orient the fraternity in closer accord with the Nazi program and to eliminate suspicion of any affiliation with Freemasonry in foreign countries or international Freemasonry, which was suspected of being an instrument of Jewish influence. The Protestant denominations protested against Government interference in the spiritual domain but agreed to a co-operation for a more intense national spirit. It was thought that Hitler would not interfere with religious convictions so long as the church membership was not in opposition to his regime. While nothing definite was learned of the results of the conference of Von Papen and Goering with the Pope and Mussolini, there were indications that a working agreement was possible between the Nazis and Center party, and that Hitler would prefer a practical working cooperation with the latter than with the very small representation of Nationalists. It was rumored that Von Neurath might be removed from the Foreign Ministry to become Governor of Wuerttemberg, and that Dr. Bruening might take his place in the cabinet. The spirit of Christian reverence was manifested by decrees making Good Friday a day of prayerful recollection. Public sports and amusements were forbidden, and all entertainment had to be of a religious and sacred character. The Government took official notice of the severe criticism pronounced against Hitler and the new regime in the British House of Commons, led by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Winston Churchill, and instructed Dr. Leopold von Hoesch, the ambassador in London, to register an official protest. This was done, but the British Government did not give an official answer or proffer the expected apology.

Austria's Status Doubtful.—Austria continued to be torn asunder by political factions, and the dictatorship of Chancellor Dollfuss was considered a temporary makeshift until a definite national program could be worked out, which was impossible under the present disturbed conditions throughout Europe. Much pressure was exerted by the Pan-German element to further Anschluss, while a growing element in Austria was swelling the party of the Nazis who are in league with the leaders in Germany. On the other hand, the Heimwehr was bitterly opposing the Nazi movement while favoring Fascism, which seemed to be the aim of Chancellor Dollfuss, whose position was strengthened by recent conferences with Mussolini. The Socialists had submitted to the dictatorship and to the dissolution of their military organization because they

dreaded an invasion of Hitlerism and strongly opposed union with Germany.

Anti-Semitism in Tokyo.—Tokyo's first experience with anti-Semitic agitation was reported on April 14, when 2,500 persons heard a fierce anti-Jewish address by Gen. Nobutake Shioten, retired. The manifesto which was later distributed in leaflet form exhorted the Japanese to punish the Jewish people by destroying the General Electric Company. The background of the affair was the rivalry of Japanese electrical-apparatus manufacturers with the General Electric of Japan, a subsidiary of the American company, which in the last thirty years had led the way in building up a prosperous Japanese industry. Despite the excitement that first followed the anti-Semitic speech of General Shioten, there was no indication of anti-American feeling on a new or extensive scale. The incident showed the ease with which simple people could be incited against foreign capitalists, even when they bring employment and establish industries.

Irish Communism.—In its issue of April 8, the *Standard*, the Catholic weekly of Dublin, again warned against the growth of Communism in Ireland, the topic upon which both clerical and lay leaders had been inveighing for several months past. According to the special representative of the *Standard*, "the Irish Communist fraction of the Communist party of Great Britain" was cut off from foreign support and ordered to organize itself into the Communist party of Ireland. The paper revealed that members of the Dublin Communist groups held a meeting on March 26 for the purpose of arranging for the first congress of the Communist party in Ireland on April 30, and the launching of the party on May 1. A "Report on the Political Situation" was drawn up by a committee of those present and was accepted. The report indicated that the chief support of Communism came from the left wing of the Irish Republican Association. Representations were made to the Government to take steps against the activities of the alleged Communists. Recently, when agitators attempted to speak in some of the counties, they were driven out of the villages by the inhabitants. In Dublin, in the beginning of April, a large demonstration against Communism was staged, and smaller meetings were held in which Communistic literature was publicly burned.

Bombs Near Peiping.—The probabilities of extension of the Japanese invasion of North China into the Peiping-Tientsin area were accelerated on April 17, when three Japanese airplanes bombed the town of Tungchow, just ten miles east of the Chinese capital. Tungchow, a strategic town astride the modern highway connecting Peiping with Tientsin, is located only five miles beyond the United States rifle range. This sudden extension of aerial bombing into China proper recalled the repeated declarations by high Japanese commanders that provocative acts of the Chinese would hasten the seizure of Peiping and Tientsin. No little apprehension was felt by

the State Department at Washington over this latest Japanese offensive, for the United States has extensive investments in the Peiping-Tientsin area.

The League in China.—Whatever difficulties the League of Nations was experiencing in the political field did not prevent it from quietly extending its program in humanitarian matters. The director of the League's health organization now in China, Dr. Louis W. Raichman, began recently his task of constructing a permanent League office at Nanking for liaison between all the League officials engaged in the reconstruction of China in charge of telegraphs and telephones, health, highway building, farm credits, silk culture, public finance, and flood relief. Postal savings and civil-service reform would be taken up. Despite the effect of such League activity upon Japan's influence in China, it was understood that it had the warm endorsement of Mr. Sugimura, Japan's chief permanent representative in Geneva.

Cuban Terror.—The ABC student-revolutionary organization staged its threatened night of terroristic activities on April 14, bringing panic and confusion to the people of Havana. With bombs exploding here and there at intervals of fifteen minutes, Havana seemed a city bombarded by an enemy fleet. Reserved police and army detachments were called out to deal with the situation. While there was considerable damage to property, only one death was attributed directly to the bombing. Latest reports indicated that the situation was well in hand.

Unified Command in Peru.—A Governmental decree of April 16 ordered the Peruvian land, air, and sea forces to be placed under the command of a single general. While the name of the new commander was not given out, it was assumed that General Oscar Benavides, former Provisional President, would be Peru's Generalissimo. Meanwhile it was reported that Peruvian troops dislodged the Colombians from their strongly entrenched positions at Guepi. The Colombians were said to have retreated six kilometers from the post on the upper Putumayo River which they took from Peru a few weeks ago. The enemy's losses were declared to be very heavy, while the Peruvian casualties were slight.

Next week, will begin an important series of articles by the distinguished economist and moralist, Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, on "Ethical Aspects of Some International Problems." In the first he will discuss the tariff, and later the debts and allied subjects.

The Jubilee in honor of the nineteenth centenary of the death of Christ makes especially timely the article by Francis P. LeBuffe on "When Did Christ Die?"

"Is Puerto Rico a Foreign Country?" will be an interesting study by an authority on international law, Herbert Wright.